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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

SOUTHEYANA.

The Life and Correspondence of the late Robert Southey. Vol. IV. Longmans.

As it approaches nearer to our own times, this biography rather increases than diminishes in interest; and the present volume embraces the most stirring period of Southey's career—from the beginning of 1813, when he was 32 years of age, to the end of 1819, when he was 46. But for the loss of his darling child, Herbert, when ten years old, it might also be characterised as the most successful and happiest; and even as regards this family affliction, it was in some measure compensated by the birth of another son, the Editor of the present work, after a lapse of seven years. The publication of "Wat Tyler" was a mere temporary annoyance; but, on the other hand, he was appointed Poet Laureate, and was so comfortably independent through his literary occupations, that he was enabled to prefer his rural happiness to an appointment of 400*l.* a-year as Librarian to the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, to the temptation of political writing for the Government, with, no doubt, liberal remuneration, and even to an offer suggested from Mr. Walter, of the *Times*, to become its Editor, with a salary of 2,000*l.* per annum. If he had accepted either of the two latter offices, we do not think, with his unbending principles, he could have suited himself to their requirements, or retained them long. It was wisdom to decline them.

In skirring the volume, as we have done its precursors, we will apply our notice to the portions which are most connected with literature; and, though brief in our quotations, we are sure our readers will feel an interest in them. We begin with some remarks on contemporary authors:—

Humboldt.—"I saw Humboldt at Paris; never did any man portray himself more perfectly in his writings than he has done. His excessive volubility, his fulness of information, and the rapidity with which he fled from every fact into some wide generalisation, made you more acquainted with his intellectual character in half an hour than you would be with any other person in half a year. Withal, he appeared exceedingly good-natured and obliging."

Milman.—"I have just finished Henry Milman's poem, a work of great power. But the story is ill-constructed, and the style has a vice analogous to that which prevailed in prose about 170 years ago, when every composition was overlaid with strained thoughts and far-fetched allusions. The faults here are a perpetual stretch and strain of feeling; and the too frequent presence of the narrator, bringing his own fancies and meditations in the foreground, and thereby—as in French landscape-engraving—calling off attention from the main subject, and destroying the effect. With less poetry 'Samor' would have been a better poem. Milman has been endeavouring to adapt the moody and thoughtful character of Wordsworth's philosophical poetry to heroic narration: they are altogether incompatible; and Wordsworth himself, when he comes to narrate in his higher strains, throws it aside like a wrestler's garment, and is as severe a writer as Dante, who is the great master in this style.

Enlarged, 229*l.*

If Milman can perceive or be persuaded of his fault, he has powers enough for any thing; but it is a seductive manner, and I think that as our poetry in Cowley's days was overrun with conceits of thought, it is likely in the next generation to be overflowed with this exuberance of feeling. This is a great error. That poetry (I am speaking of heroic narrative) which would reach the heart, must go straight to the mark like an arrow. Away with all trickery and ornaments when pure beauty is to be represented in picture or in marble; away with drapery when you would display muscular strength. Call artifices of this kind to your aid in those feebler parts which must occur in every narrative, and which ought to be there to give the other parts their proper relief."

Wilberforce.—"Wilberforce has been here (Keswick) with all his household, and such a household! The principle of the family seems to be that, provided the servants have faith, good works are not to be expected from them, and the order disorder which prevails in consequence is truly farcical. The old coachman would figure upon the stage. Upon making some complaint about the horses, he told his master and mistress that since they had been in this country they had been so lake-and-river-and-mountain-and-valley-mad, that they had thought of nothing which they ought to think of. I have seen nothing in such pell-mell, topsy-turvy, and chaotic confusion as Wilberforce's apartments since I used to see a certain breakfast-table in Skeleton Corner. His wife sits in the midst of it like Patience on a monument, and he frisks about as if every vein in his body were filled with quicksilver; but, withal, there is such a constant hilarity in every look and motion, such a sweetness in all his tones, such a benignity in all his thoughts, words, and actions, that all sense of his grotesque appearance is presently overcome, and you can feel nothing but love and admiration for a creature of so happy and blessed a nature."

Birbeck.—"Did I tell you concerning Morris Birbeck, that he sunk 8,000*l.* by a speculation in soap, and was Lord Onslow's tenant, which said Lord Onslow indited upon him this epigram:—

'Had you ta'en less delight in
Political writing,
Nor to vain speculations given scope,
You'd have paid me your rent,
Your time better spent,
And besides—washed your hands of the soap.'"

Byron (after they had met, not unpleasantly, at Holland House).—"I have not seen more of 'Don Juan' than some extracts in a country paper, wherein my own name is coupled with a rhyme which I thought would never be used by any person but myself when kissing one of my own children in infancy, and talking nonsense to it, which, whatever you may think of it at present, as an exercise for the intellect, I hope you will one day have occasion to practice, and you will then find out its many and various excellencies. I do not yet know whether the printed poem is introduced by a dedication* to me, in a

most hostile strain, which came over with it, or whether the person who has done Lord Byron the irreparable injury of sending into the world what his own publisher and his friends endeavoured, for his sake, to keep out of it, has suppressed it. This is to me a matter of perfect unconcern. Lord Byron attacked me when he ran amuck as a satirist; he found it convenient to express himself sorry for that satire, and to have such of the persons told so whom he had assailed in it as he was likely to fall in with in society; myself among the number. I met him three or four times on courteous terms, and saw enough of him to feel that he was rather to be shunned than sought. Attack me as he will, I shall not go out of my course to break a spear with him; but if it comes in my way to give him a passing touch, it will be one that will leave a scar."

Crabbe.—"I was not disappointed with Crabbe's 'Tales.' He is a decided mannerist, but so are all original writers in all ages; nor is it possible for a poet to avoid it if he writes much in the same key and upon the same class of subjects. Crabbe's poems will have a great and lasting value as pictures of domestic life, elucidating the moral history of these times,—times which must hold a most conspicuous place in history. He knows his own powers, and never aims above his reach. In this age, when the public are greedy for novelties, and abundantly supplied with them, an author may easily commit the error of giving them too much of the same kind of thing. But this will not be thought a fault hereafter, when the kind is good, or the thing good of its kind."

Jeffrey.—"However rash I may be, you will, I think allow that my disposition is sufficiently placable. I continued upon courteous terms with Jeffrey till that rascally attack upon the *Register*, in which he recommended it for prosecution. As for the retaliation of which you are apprehensive, do not suppose, my dear Wynn, that one who has never feared to speak his opinions sincerely, can have any fear of being confronted with his former self."

There is a very affecting mention of Herbert Knowles, whose early death deprived the world of a youthful poet of exquisite tenderness and feeling. His brother, now eminent at the bar, favoured the *Literary Gazette* with the posthumous MS. of a poem on a Churchyard, for beauty and pathos only second to Gray's "Elegy." But to revert to a prior period. The laureateship was offered to Scott, who very handsomely refused it, and opened the honour and emolument, some 100*l.* a-year, to Southey. The fidgety official negotiations and forms for attaining the office are amusingly described, and Southey's own lines to his wife are quotable as a congenial illustration:—

"I have something to tell you, which you will not be sorry

'Tis that I am sworn in to the office of Laureat.
The oath that I took there could be nothing wrong in,
'Twas to do all the duties to the dignity belonging.
Keep this, I pray you, as a precious gem,
For this is the Laureat's first poem."

no purpose to exclude them on this occasion."—*Byron's Life and Works*, vol. xv. 161.

"The editor seems by this to have felt some slight compunction at publishing this Dedication; but he publishes for the first time another attack upon my father a hundred-fold worse than this, contained in some 'Observations upon an Article in Blackwood's Magazine,' without any apology. This subject, however, will more properly fall to be noticed in the next volume."

At page 79, Southey writes that he had sent his doggerel "March to Moscow" (June, 1814) to the *Courier* newspaper, but they were published in the *Sun*, and without the annexed verse:—

"The Emperor Nap, he talked so loud,
That he frightened Mr. Roscoe;
John Bull, he cries, if you'll be wise,
Ask the Emperor Nap if he will please
To grant you peace upon your knees,
Because he's going to Moscow!
He'll make all the Poles come out of their holes,
And eat the Prussians, and beat the Russians;
The fields are green, and the sky is blue,
Mortieu! Parbleu!
He'll certainly get to Moscow!"

Near the same time there was also inserted in the same journal the ludicrous lines to *Miss Ann Thropp*, laughing at the *misanthropy* of Lord Byron, who—

"Called her his little Bal-bul!
But she knew not that in modern tale
A couple of bulls made a Nightingale."

The *Quarterly Review* was a leading means of income to Southey; but he often complained bitterly enough of Gifford's cutting out and carving his articles. Gifford, however, was inexorable in this respect, and every contributor was obliged to submit to his despotic *We*. Perhaps he would not have allowed such sentiments as the annexed to have appeared in the *Quarterly*:—

"Restorations are bad things, when the expulsion has taken place from internal causes and not by foreign forces. They have been a detestable race, and the adversity which they have undergone is not of that kind which renovates the intellect, or calls into life the virtues which royalty has stifled. I used to think that the Revolution would not have done its work till the Houses of Austria and Bourbon were both destroyed—a consummation which the history of both Houses has taught me devoutly to wish for. Did I ever tell you that Hofer got himself arrested under a false name and thrown into prison at Vienna, and that he was actually turned out of this asylum by the Austrian Government? If any member of that Government escapes the sword or the halber, there will be a lack of justice in this world. The fact is one of the most shocking in human history, but a fact it is, though it has not got abroad. Adair told it me."

"The affair of Lavalette, in France, pleases me well, except as far as regards the treatment of his wife for having done her duty. The king ought not to have pardoned him, and the law ought to have condemned him: both did as they ought, and, as far as depended upon them, his civil life was at an end. I should have had no pity for him if the axe had fallen; but a condemned criminal making his escape becomes a mere human creature striving for life, and the Devil take him, say I, who would not lend a hand to assist him, except in cases of such atrocious guilt as make us abhor and execrate the perpetrator, and render it unfit that he should exist upon earth."

Among his honours at this epoch, he writes:—"They have made me member of another academy at Madrid—the R.A. of History—a body which have rendered most efficient service to the literature of that country. This gives me some privileges, which I should be very glad to profit by, if I could afford a journey to Spain, for I should have better access to archives and manuscripts than any foreigner has ever enjoyed."

And the Editor adds:—

"The same privileges as if he had been a member of the royal household. 'I do not know,' he says in another letter, 'how this will accord with the English privilege which I must use of speaking my free opinion of Ferdinand's conduct.'"

We are not aware of this. Holding the same diploma (as also did the late Lord Munster), we were never informed of any privileges belonging to it, beyond the concluding wish that *We might live a thousand years*, which, alas! seeing that the high-hearted Earl and the immortal Poet have gone before, it is too much for us to expect!

The correspondence in which the father laments

over the loss of his son is very touching throughout, and the overwhelming human grief, only sustained by the pious assurance of meeting again in another and a better world, is to us most naturally, as well as powerfully, expressed. Who that ever experienced the first loss in a family circle—the first terrible breach in what seemed so whole and complete, but must shed tears on the following reminiscence:—

"We read of persons who have suddenly become gray from violent emotions of grief or fear. I feel in some degree as if I had passed at once from boyhood to the decline of life. I had never ceased to be a boy in cheerfulness till now. All those elastic spirits are now gone; nor is it in the nature of things that they should return. I am still capable of enjoyment, and trust that there is much in store for me; but there is an end of that hilarity which I possessed more uninterruptedly, and in a greater degree, than any person with whom I was ever acquainted."

The spell, indeed, is broken. Your own helplessness is driven into your soul. You could not even save one so inexpressibly dear to you; and your bewildered mind seems as if it could only seek some relief in giving utterance to the wild heart-wrung unavailingness of the Irish kild "Why did you die? oh, why did you die?"

But, not to conclude in this sorrowful vein, we will turn to the volume once more, omit all reference to Swiss and Scottish tours, and finish with two extracts relative to Quakerism. To our old friend Bernard Barton he writes:—

"Do not suffer my projected Quaker poem to interfere with your intentions respecting William Penn; there is not the slightest reason why it should. Of all great reputations, Penn's is that which has been most the effect of accident. The great action of his life was his turning Quaker; the conspicuous one his behaviour upon his trial. In all that regards Pennsylvania, he has no other merit than that of having followed the principles of the religious community to which he belonged, when his property happened to be vested in colonial speculations. The true champion for religious liberty in America was Roger Williams, the first consistent advocate for it in that country, and, perhaps, the first in any one. I hold his memory in veneration."

He afterwards says, in a letter to C. Hare Townsend:—

"Thomas Clarkson I know well: his book upon Quakerism keeps out of sight all the darker parts of the picture; their littleness of mind, their incorrigible bigotry, and their more than popish interference with the freedom of private actions."

MANNERS IN THE EAST.

Two Years' Residence in a Levantine Family.
By Bayle St. John. Chapman and Hall.

Few persons would have turned a residence and travels in the East to better account than Mr. St. John, who, in this new volume, gives us another proof of the assiduity of his observations and the copiousness of his notes. The vast variety of traits, of which this general picture is composed, proscribe all notion either of classification or generalization, and we must refer to the volume itself for hundreds of domestic particulars, illustrating Levantine manners and customs, and as large a number of incidental passages descriptive of the people, their traditions, and their intellectual condition. We select but one extract as an example—

"I have wasted much ink in vain, if by this time I have not conveyed a tolerably favourable idea of the character of Sitt Madoula. I have endeavoured to exhibit her as she was, with all her faults and imperfections, but also with all her virtues and good qualities. During the whole time of my residence we never had a serious misunderstanding; and, although my taste was often shocked by her conversation and sometimes by her conduct, she became the object of an affec-

tionate respect on my part. I do not know whether this would have been the case with many besides myself; for most men seem more easily offended by a breach of the conventionalities of life, than impressed by the exercise of its simple virtues."

"The Sitt, as I have hinted, differed in some respects from many of her countrywomen. She refused, for example, to submit to the authority of the priests; and forged, with the assistance of her own strong but uncultivated understanding, a curious system of philosophy. Though complying with some of the requirements of the Catholic religion,—as attending mass, paying for prayers for the dead, &c.—she had become very incredulous about the efficacy of all these things, and steadfastly resisted any spiritual interference with her own private affairs;—to carry out which object more effectually, she suppressed the sacrament of confession. In giving me the reasons for her emancipation, she related some very droll incidents—one of which, if I dared to repeat it, might occupy a page in the annals of humour; but there is no veil transparent enough to exhibit what is fitting to be exhibited, and at the same time opaque enough to hide what is fitting to be hid. I may mention, however, that she declared that during her husband's life in Syria, ladies used constantly to come to the house begging for medical assistance, to enable them to destroy the consequences of too intimate a confidence in their confessors."

"The moral notions of the worthy Sitt were perhaps influenced by the laxity of her creed; but if ever she deviated from the strict rule, it was on the side of indulgence. Her own conduct—and, though she was a grandmother, she was but thirty-six years of age, with an eye and a lip that told of passions yet unextinguished—was irreproachable; and this was perhaps the reason why she seldom thought it her duty to reprove others. In fine, she made allowances for age, for temperament, for example, for temptation; foresaw dangers; of two, chose the lesser evil; and applied, with reference to Iskender, some of the most controverted maxims of Rousseau."

"Whilst exhibiting, however, in theory at least, rather more than maternal indulgence towards both myself and her son, she inflexibly condemned anything that resembled a defiance to public opinion. Thus, although she was willing to indulge us in the spectacle of the dancing girls, and preferred that we should satisfy our curiosity at home, without the risk of getting into a scrape, she contrived to put us off for a whole year, until the period of mourning had passed. Not long after the few days' grace which she allowed herself, and which were employed in preparing dresses of lighter colour and more agreeable form than that which she had so long worn, she announced her readiness to give a regular Levantine soirée—of which 'the Awalm' were to form the principal attractions."

"One of the most authoritative writers on Egyptian manners particularly insists on the fact that the Awalm (Sing. Almeb) are not dancers, but singers, and points out that most Egyptian travellers have fallen into a mistake by confounding them with the Ghawazee, or regular tribe of dancers. It is true that an Almeb depends principally on her voice; but her feet, or rather her hips, form also a part of her stock in trade. Possibly, since the banishment of the Ghawazee, their unpersecuted sisters have inherited their accomplishments. At any rate, when I asked to see the dancing girls, Sitt Madoula instantly referred me to 'the Awalm.' . . .

"The most difficult part of the business was to find the performers. Francis, the fast young man, took charge of this department; but for some time was disappointed. The police had of late been acting with renewed vigour against the class of women, on the verge of which all these

public exhibitors of personal dexterity and talent in all countries lie; and would have punished with severity the discovery that Muslim women had, in contravention of the Pasha's orders, employed their powers to kindle the imagination of infidels. From time to time these bursts of activity are wont to give a demure aspect to the licentious city of Alexandria; and it happened that our unfortunate soirée was fixed upon in the midst of a perfect paroxysm of morality.

"What was to be done? Fransis, who looked forward to the evening as we look forward to a grand ball, was indefatigable; and at length succeeded in removing all difficulties. Two performers only were strictly necessary; and he had at once found one in the person of Kalah, a Jewess, one of the finest singers and most audacious dancers in Alexandria. She cared comparatively little for the police, and was quite ready to come if she could only procure a companion, which she at length announced herself able to do. So the invitations were issued, and on the appointed evening my friends assembled with admirable punctuality.

"The performances were to take place in my bedroom, which was the only large apartment of the house that did not look upon the street. The bedstead was removed, and divans, chairs, and tables were placed for the spectators at one end, whilst at the other was spread a carpet with cushions for the Awalim. At one side of this was to sit Fransis, and at the other Antún, another fast young Levantine—their office being to excite and spur on the two poor women who were to degrade themselves for our amusement; for it is worthy of remark, that the better class of these unfortunate creatures retain certain lingering ideas of modesty and decorum, and would not dare, if left to themselves, to develop all the capabilities of the Arab dance.

"Kalah was a tall, athletic woman, about thirty years of age, and retaining few traces of beauty. Her form, however, was finely moulded, and she had a voice of marvellous power; so that towards the end of the evening her repulsive aspect was forgotten, and it was impossible to look upon her without a feeling somewhat differing from admiration, which, in a cooler moment, however, degenerated into disgust. Her companion, Ayshe, was young and delicate—even sickly—and, to my surprise, came to take her part in this abominable orgie with an innocent babe at her breast. I found, on my return from a ride, both these women sitting with Sitt Madoula, and preparing themselves for the exertions of the evening by a copious repast which the good old lady had provided.

"Having taken a glance at the temporary theatre, and caught the whispering and giggling of some Levantine dames who were shut up, I knew not where, I tried to enter into conversation with the Awalim. But it appears that, on seeing me, the younger of the two had taken fright, and wanted to go away. She did not expect to find men in hats, having been led to suppose that only Levantines were to be present. There was some difficulty in pacifying her; and I could not get a word from her at that time. Kalah, too, was sulky; so I went and sat alone, waiting for my friends, who, as I have said, soon gathered round me.

"When every one had arrived, and Levantines and Europeans had occupied their places, Ayshe took a darabukah, or tambourine, and struck up a monotonous tune; whilst Kalah, at first in a low, and even, if I may venture on the expression, a dreamy voice, began to sing one of those sensual ditties which delight the ear and stir up the apathy of the Egyptian. The style of execution, and the whole attending circumstances, are peculiar. As the song proceeds, the performer grows gradually excited, throws back her head, rolls her eyes, and becomes at length so deeply impassioned, that the words are separated, as it were, by gasps and sobs of pleasure. Fransis

and Antún supported the performer by exhibiting or affecting symptoms of delight, by joining in the chorus, and by uttering admiring exclamations. The scene hitherto was merely curious and characteristic. It was a spacious apartment, with a lofty roof, and overlooked, as I have said, by an upper room, or rather gallery, in which I could just distinguish the dim forms of two or three Levantine dames listening with intense pleasure, and waiting perhaps with impatience for the more exciting part of the performances. Sitt Madoula, who was generally bustling about, took an occasional glance in through a little window; but the visible spectators were all men—four or five Englishmen, a couple of Greek merchants, and two three Levantines, Halil, of course, among the rest. Lights were distributed here and there—on the floor and the tables; and every one was furnished with shibouk or shishah.

"When the first song was over we requested Kalah to dance, and she complied readily. Rising to her feet, she threw aside her mantle, and bound a long shawl firmly round her hips; then taking a pair of castanets, she stepped into the middle of the carpet, threw her arms aloft like a Bacchante, assumed a graceful pose for a moment, and then began to exhibit before our tingling eyes one of those indescribable pantomimes which the Egyptians decorate with the name of dances. It was impossible not to admire the vigour, the agility, the grace, the elegance, with which Kalah performed her part; and how, with a tact for which I should not have given her credit, she at the outset avoided falling to the very depths into which Fransis and Antún, with their brutal appetite for the extravagance of indecency, endeavoured at once to urge her. We could none of us take our eyes off the form of this terrible Menad whilst she struggled there before us, to incarnate, as it were, the unspiritual conception of love to which the East has given birth. Her form, which was almost colossal, seemed throughout its vast outline to writhe in an agony of joy; her broad bosom, scarcely feminine in contour, heaved and panted with passion; her blood struggled faintly through the opaque palor of her cheeks; her eyes wandered and flashed; her hair burst its fillet, and fell back over her powerful shoulders, or curled like black snakes about her long round arms. I never shall forget the impression which this extraordinary performance produced upon me, especially when it was contrasted with the pretty tripping and graceful licentiousness of Ayshe, who soon wrapped up her child in a corner of her mantle and joined her more majestic companion. I wish the evening had terminated there; for these two women, excited by their two supporters, went on descending step by step to a depth whither my pen and almost my memory refuse to follow them. At a late hour my friends went away; and then Sitt Madoula came in, and got the Awalim to go through a few dances for her private gratification, after which she took them to sleep in her room, and kept them until daylight.

"What is most worthy of remark in all this is, the indifference with which Eastern women regard these exhibitions. The Sitt seemed scarcely to suspect that she was present at an indecent sight, and frankly confessed that she very much enjoyed it. None but an Eastern mother, however, would undertake the responsibility of thus giving a finishing touch to the education of her son. I will add, that the little Hennessee was present for a long time, and was encouraged to imitate the libidinous contortions of the Awalim."

INTERIOR OF RUSSIA.

The Tarantas. Travelling Impressions of Young Russia. By Count Sollogub. Chapman and Hall.

TARANTAS is, it seems, the name of an old-fashioned Russian carriage, such as an old-fashioned Russian country gentleman or squire

would travel in, to and from Moscow, when inclined to pay a visit to the old metropolis. On the present occasion our author drives it on a journey to Kasan, laden with the aforesaid squire, its owner, and a young aristocrat who had seen much of foreign parts, and who is eagerly desirous to take notes on his tour, and publish the first impressions he receives from his native land. The framework is good and the execution pleasant. The sketches appear to be genuine representations of existing circumstances, though we are somewhat puzzled by a dream at the end, which causes a doubt whether the descriptions may not belong to the past, and Russia have so rapidly improved within a short period as to have reformed these evils altogether, and advanced to a state of civilization and prosperity beyond the belief of the stranger world.

Taking it for granted that the pictures of manners are true, we find, and readers will find, much entertainment in their simple and original character. We shall make them acquainted with a few traits, to recommend the whole as well deserving of perusal.

In Russia, "when the preparations for a journey are completed, the intending travellers, with their friends and all the servants, sit down for a few moments, in order, as it is expressed, not to destroy the peace of the house."

The author speaks in the highest terms of the Russian peasantry, and in his squire sets before us the Model of a Landed Proprietor, who can, indeed, make himself a centre of happiness in every country under the sun.

"The peasant wants to see the lord for whom he works, and he wants, too, that the lord should see his labour;—he is then full of gaiety and diligence, and works with success. 'After God and the Great Czar,' he says, 'law ordains me to serve my master; I am his, as he is mine!' Such is the peasant's motto.

"And by what rules are you guided in the management of your property?"

"What rules, friend? Habit, enterprise, and God's holy will. I see that every peasant is punctual in his duties; punish beggary, and look with both my eyes that no one's household and husbandry is allowed to be out of repair or order."

"How do you see to that?"

"I take care that every peasant has his cottage, a good shed, two horses, one cow, ten sheep, one sow, ten fowls, two carts, two sledges, one plough, one harrow, one scythe, two sickles; he must always have two *dessiatins* of winter or of spring crops in the earth, and sufficient pasturage for his cattle. If he has anything besides all that, he is a wealthy peasant, if he wants a single one of this list, he is poor. It is, as you see, no complicated mechanism. My chief rule is, that everything must be in order and complete. Has a peasant's horse died—I give him a horse, and he pays me for it by small instalments; is it a cow he wants—I give him a cow. The principal thing is—not to allow anything to be neglected; it is very easy to sink an estate irretrievably. Then again, let the peasants remonstrate as much as they like against it, do not heed it, but establish a common field and a common capital to provide for the tolls and all the other expense, which affect the peasants."

"And how do you arrange the management—the jurisdiction?" asked Ivan Vassilievitch.

"I leave it to the community. Do you know, friend, that we have, in regard to the jurisdiction, such an order established, that no German nor even a Frenchman, could invent a better one. Look, how peaceably and justly the peasants divide every year the land amongst themselves; listen to their judicious and wise verdicts in any case of dispute."

"I think these sessions of the community must date from the most ancient times," remarked Ivan Vassilievitch.

"I don't know, friend, and do not care about

it; my business is, that my peasant should be satisfied, and in good health; that he should accurately pay his poll-tax, and duly labour on my field: when he has worked three days for me, he may go and do what he pleases. I doubt if the labourer is so well off in your foreign countries, friend? The Germans and Frenchmen pity our peasants so much: 'Poor martyrs,' they call them, but behold—the 'martyr' is healthy and in good spirits; he is well fed, and well clothed; he has not to pay, as your labourer abroad, for land, and water, and air, and everything he wants, whether his crop be good or bad. Oh! these Frenchmen!" added Vassily Ivanovitch, "don't they cry out that we are barbarians and cannibals! Awful to hear for a healthy ear!—but I suppose, friend, you like their babbling."

"Why so?" asked Ivan Vassilievitch.

"Ar'n't you a liberal? All your young men are liberals. Nothing is right according to you, everything wrong, though indeed, should any one ask your advice how to do it otherwise, there you stand sticking fast."

The nobles are not so favourably painted, and the official employees are shown to be a still more injurious class—the locusts of the Empire. But for more particular features we come to the public accommodation at Vladimir. After many eating discomforts—

"The arrangement of Vassily Ivanovitch's ambulatory sleeping-apartment went on favourably. Half the contents of the tarantass were brought into the room. The feather beds rested on a dozen chairs put together. Vassily Ivanovitch undressed himself and dropped into the feathery abyss."

Half an hour had passed when the waiter came back, exhausted and panting under the weight of a whole waggon-load of hay, which he thrust in a corner of the room. Ivan Vassilievitch began his preparations for the night's rest. First, he put upon the next window-sill the yet virginal book of his '*Travelling Impressions*,' in company with his watch and pocket-book; then he covered the hay with his Macintosh, and lay down in despair.

"Animals of every species now began to make our travellers fidget from side to side."

"They both remained silent and endeavoured to fall asleep."

"It was quite dark in the room, and the pendulum of the clock despondently beat the time in silence. Half-an-hour passed."

"Vassily Ivanovitch!"

"Ay?"

"Are you asleep?"

"No, brother, I don't know what is the matter, but I cannot sleep."

"Vassily Ivanovitch!"

"Well!"

"Do you know what I am thinking of?"

"No, friend, I don't know."

"I am thinking of what use is it to me that the ceiling of this room is painted with flowers and Cupids, and that there are looking-glasses on the walls, in which no one is ever tempted to look. An hotel, methinks, is for travellers, and here nobody takes the least care about travellers. Would it not be by far better to have a modest, clean room, without any pretension to a dirty elegance, but with a good warm bed with clean linen, and without bugs and beetles?—is not also a simple and clean Russian dinner, preferable to any French ragout with hairs in it?"

"I am quite of your opinion," interrupted Vassily Ivanovitch; "I prefer a good inn to all these hotels in imitation of the foreign ones."

"Ivan Vassilievitch continued:

"I always said, and shall always say, there is nothing I am more disgusted with than a semi-civilisation. All silly, dirty, piteous caricatures of a life uncongenial to us, are as disgusting to me as a mixture of tinsel with mud."

"Hullo!" remarked Vassily Ivanovitch.

"Hotels and inns," Ivan Vassilievitch continued, "have a greater signification in the life of a nation than you may suppose. They express the general wants and the general habits; they facilitate the movements and mutual relations of the different classes of society. In point of hotels and inns we can unquestionably take an example from the West. There they first think about comfort, about cleanliness, and after that, about decorations and ceilings.—Vassily Ivanovitch!"

"Well?"

"Do you know what I am now thinking of?"

"No, friend, I don't know."

"I would like to organise a Russian hotel, entirely according to my fancy."

"Well, what stops you?"

"It is simply an idea—a project, Vassily Ivanovitch; and I am convinced that my hotel would be good, because I would endeavour to combine with the primitive features of our dwellings, all the accessories of comfort, and the minutest tidiness, which in our times are so necessary for every gentleman. I would send away, without any compassion, all these drunken, ragged waiters, the dull breed of our household serfs, and would put in their place serviceable active lads, with good wages, and under a strict surveillance. The rooms I would have panelled with oak, varnished and carved; Persian carpets on the floor, and easy divans around. Oh! it will be very comfortable," continued Ivan Vassilievitch, turning from side to side on the prickly hay. "I am very fond of easy divans. I think, in general, that the furniture of our forefathers' dwellings much resembled those in the East. What is your opinion upon this point? Vassily Ivanovitch! Vassily Ivanovitch! Eh! What! He sleeps!" concluded Ivan Vassilievitch, quite vexed: "he is comfortable on his feather-bed, and I—as my hotel is not yet organised, am obliged to fidget the whole night upon hay!"

A gipsy encampment is a very singular affair; but it is more consonant to our page to make an extract from what relates to literature:—

"For literature, as it is at present, no talent is requisite," remarked Ivan Vassilievitch.

"Yes! so it is," continued he, after a pause; at present no talent is requisite—you only want courage. Literature is now a handicraft like a shoemaker's or tailor's. Authors are nothing more than literary-ware manufacturers. They will soon introduce the custom of having at their doors sign-boards, like pastry-cooks and bakers!"

"Well, upon my word," interrupted Vassily Ivanovitch, "I think you are now talking nonsense."

"Indeed I am not—I speak the truth. Don't you know what piteous, silly schemes are often concealed under high-sounding names? You may believe, if you like, that literature is the expression of the spirit and the life of a nation; you may put faith in its grand vocation to instruct man, to reform vices, and to direct the soul towards pure enjoyments. All this is Utopia! Literature is one of the thousand means of making money, and all the beautiful feelings, all the deep thoughts that abound in books, may be reduced to bullion and bank-notes. Annihilate the sale of books—and literature will disappear. In our commercial age, poetry is offered in shares, and prose is farmed. We shall soon see established literary factories, where you may buy ready made thoughts and feelings, at a fixed price, according to their value, as you now buy a coat or a pair of trowsers at a tailor's!"

"Last year," interrupted Vassily Ivanovitch, "I bought in Smith's-bridge a wrapper, and what do you think—it was not worth anything! The rascally Frenchman cheated me!"

"Just in the same manner are you cheated by those whose books you often peruse with pleasure. Without suspicion you buy a coat, and your coat proves to be made of rotten ma-

terial. Our tailors and our literary men have acquired a prodigious skill in cutting out to pattern! Anything suits them—politics, religion, morality, legal questions, philosophical problems, and more than all these, love-intrigues of every possible kind. Look at the present literature in Europe: it is like the scenery of a booth at a fair. You feel quite disgusted at it: everything before you is rouged, everything is painted and sham; everywhere tinsel and foil, everywhere a greedy eagerness to catch the public. The public, however, is not easily to be caught—but coldly passes by literature, as if she were a mendicant, now and then throwing her a stray penny. In reality the world is so very old and experienced, that, with a little bit of conscience, he can no more make a plaything of literature. Europe's pure feelings are stifled by vices and calculations; she feels no longer her imperative mission—the outpouring of uncounterfeited and virginal impressions. From time to time, of course, you may meet with a single man animated by a noble flame; but how can these few restore what is for ever lost. Can you make a royal robe out of rags? On the other hand, you ought to find in a country in many points yet virginal, in a country which has not yet quite lost her primitive nationality, in a country as powerful as Russia, limpid, clear sources of her own—not troubled by the mud of a corrupted civilisation!"

"So!" said Vassily Ivanovitch who had listened rather negligently, and did not understand a single word. "Are you fond of our Russian literature?"

"Heaven preserve me!" replied his companion with vivacity. "I did not say anything so absurd. Besides, about which literature do you ask? We have two kinds."

"How so—two kinds?"

"Yes, we have one which is liberal and generous, but has now grown tired; showing herself but seldom amidst the people, sometimes with a smile on her face, but oftener with a heavy sadness in her heart. The other, on the contrary, is to be met with at every street corner; she cries and makes a most tremendous noise, lest people should not think her genuine. This literature reminds me always of the bawling second-hand clothesmen of Apraxin-court, who are ready to lay hold of every passer-by to sell him their rotten ware. Upon my soul, I have never seen anything more surprising, more monstrous and disgusting than this spurious literature."

"How so?"

"Because, in reality it is no literature; it is but a false name. Our really talented authors have always avoided the least contact with her, for fear of being thought to share in her strange doings. She is nothing else than a parasite fungus upon the national soil. She has neither aim nor principle. There are a great number of subdivisions in this literature, as it were separate little literatures: there are several in St. Petersburg, several in Moscow, several in the provinces, and in each of these literatures there are different factions, who in ant-like fashion move about and bury themselves like Gulliver's Lilliputians, zealous members of a disordered body—they regulate Russia with verses à la Lamartine, with dramas à la Schiller, with novels—piteous parodies of foreign works already in themselves caricatures—and last, though not least, with the monstrous indecorums which appear under the pretext of criticisms. Thank Heaven, however, nothing of all this is genuine Russian! A true Russian will never discover his native genius in silly mountebanks like these, who jump about and make gestures before him; and believe me that at the rag-fair of the collectors of other people's skill, a true Russian will never answer a call uncongenial to him. That is not what he wants! He

* The greatest frippery-market in St. Petersburg.

wants native sounds, native pictures to make his heart throb and his soul grow bright; he wants you to talk to him in his own tongue of his favourite traditions, of the wise and unsophisticated customs of his dear fatherland, of the exigencies of his real life. But alas! our traditions and our customs are fast disappearing. All that lives in the memory of a nation, all that may serve as a foundation for a national literature—all is losing itself every day, and with every new change of our habits. The genius of Russia is expiring, stifled with what is continually thrown upon him! Poor child! he wanted only to grow and assume an air of dignity, he wanted to make his sonorous voice heard,—and we have put upon him a French wig and a German dress, we have wrapped him up in a harlequin dress, and don't see that the poor boy is wasting away, and weeping tears of bitterness. What remedy is there? you will ask. The answer is not difficult: liberate the child; throw into the fire all that theatrical frippery, and turn back to our natural, native principles. Civilisation it was that separated us from the people; let then civilisation couple us together. Who knows: perhaps in some peasant's hut is concealed the embryo of our future greatness; the more so as it is now only in the peasant's hut, and even there, only in the remotest wilderness, that you can find genuine, primitive, untouched nationality!

"Men of conscience! Do not look for native inspirations in the drawing-rooms of St. Petersburg, where people speak only French and dance in the French style! Believe me, much easier will you find them in a poor hut, covered with snow, where, lying on a warm stove, a blind centenarian may narrate to you, with youthful vivacity, glorious traditions of the olden times. Hasten to listen to the old man's story, for tomorrow he may die, and who shall preserve his nationality!"

"Men has already been lost in that way; our antiquities disappear, and take away with them our nationality. And what do we get in exchange? No healthy food, no sound fruit, but moral rags, rotten fallen fruit! Would it not be far better to throw out of the window all our literary rubbish, and to set off with perseverance, and string together, word by word, all we may meet with, not like some fashionable landlady afraid of simple rusticity, but holding precious, like true Russians, all we may find genuine! Through the knowledge of our antiquities we shall come to the knowledge of our language, of our national spirit, of our national wants—and we shall have then a literature of our own, self-depending, full of life and vigour, the reflection, not of an imitative faded impotence, but of a useful, industrious progress! It will be an object of national pride, of national enjoyment, of national accomplishment!—I have got rather heated," continued Ivan Vassilievitch, "but am I not right? Confess, Vassily Ivanovitch!"

"He got no answer. This eloquent soliloquy, like everything else connected with Russian literature, had produced upon Vassily Ivanovitch the usual effect: he slept the sleep of the just."

With this we conclude, although tempted with the account of the simplicity with which mercantile business is transacted, with the contrasts of extravagant competition throughout society, with a scene of intemperance at a village fête-day, and with other matters of curious interest. We have only room, however, to add that several spirited etchings illustrate the neat little volume.

THE BUCCANEERS.

Leonard Lindsay; or, the Story of a Buccaneer. By Angus B. Resch. 2 Vols. Bogue.

This is a strange story founded on genuine data; strange, stirring, and exceedingly well written. That a landsman should manage the phraseology of the sea so aptly, without exaggeration or

caricature, is in itself a great merit; and the construction of the hero's adventures, so as to illustrate the subject in all its features, afford a good idea of the vicissitudes which attended it, and set before us a lively geographic-historical view of the Spanish main in these turbulent and lawless times, is deserving of high approbation.

The author vindicates the Buccaneers from the charge of being Pirates, and considers them, whether English, Dutch, or other nation, as a sort of league against the assumed despotism and asserted empire of Spain.

"Sufficed them, the good old plan,
That he should take who had the power,
And he should keep who can."

By and bye, after many bloody struggles, wrecks, desperate perils, murders, and massacres, a more settled order of things arose. It was somewhat like the change in our own country, when James the Sixth and First, the "bonnie King Jamie frae Scotland came," and ascended the throne of Great Britain. It was then that a Scottish Border bard, dissuading his compatriots from their wonted habits of raid, and helping themselves to their neighbours' sheep and now, when they needed victuals, argued the case, that though all such practices were most laudable in past times, yet, now that their monarch also wore the crown of England, the man who plundered others of whatever he wanted

"Was nae Freebooter, but a Thief;"

the title of honour being converted into one of disgrace.

But to return to the work in hand; we shall only repeat that its scenes are wrought up with much spirit, and that a sufficient interest is created throughout for Leonard Lindsay, and his comrades and adversaries. We shall, however, leave these to the reader, and content ourselves with quoting a portion of the opening description of the hero's early youth, which we think, for simplicity, and characteristic fidelity, a very happy example of the writer's talents:—

"My father was a fisherman, and, as I may say, his coble was my cradle. Many a rough rocking in truth it bestowed upon me, for it was his use even before I could go alone, to carry me with him a fishing, wrapped up, it may be, in a tattered sail, while my mother, with a creel upon her back, journeyed through the landward towns and to the houses of the gentry to sell the spoil of hook and net.

"We fared hard and worked hard; for no more industrious folk lived in the fisher town of Kirk Leslie, a pleasant and goodly spot, lying not far from the East Neuk of Fife, than old Davie Lindsay and Jess, his wife and my mother. Many a weary night and day have come and gone since I beheld that beach whereon I was born; but I can yet shut my eyes and see our cottage and our boat—called the "Royal Thistle"—rocking at the lee of the long rough pier of unhewn whinstone, gathered from the wild muirs around, which ran into the sea and sheltered the little fisher harbour, formed by the burn of Balwearie, where it joins the waters of its black pools to the salt brine. Opposite our house was a pretty green bourdock, as we called it, that is to say, a little hill, mostly of bright green turf, with bunches of bent and long grass, which rustled with a sharp sad sound when the east wind blew snell, and creeping cosily into the chimney neuk, we would listen to the roaring of the sea. But the bourdock was oftentimes brown with nets or with wet sails stretched there to dry, and below it there lay half-buried in the sand, old boats, mouldering away, and masts and oars all shivered, bleaching like big bones in the sun and the rain.

"I remember old Davie Lindsay my father well. He was a stern, big man, with a grisly grey beard, shaved but once a month. No fisher on the coast had a surer hand for the tiller, or a firmer gripe to haul aft the sheet of the lugsail in a fresh breeze and a gathering sea. Often

when we were rising and falling on the easterly swell, half-a-score miles from Kirk Leslie Pier, he loved to tell me old-world tales and sing old-world songs of the sea. Then would he recount how the Rover sunk the bell which good abbot Ignatius, of Aberbrothwick, caused to be placed upon the wild Bell Rock, as a guide to poor mariners; and how the pirate dreed the weird—that is, underwent the fate—he had prepared for himself, and was lost with ship and crew on that very reef. Sometimes, too, he would drop his voice, and when I came close to him, he would speak of great monsters in the sea; of the ocean snake, whose head looked up at the bridge of Stirling, and whose tail went nine times round the Bass; of singing mermaids, who come upon the yellow sands at night, and beguile men with their false lays, till they leave house and home, being bewitched by the glamour of elfin palaces under the brine; and, most terrible of all, of phantom ships with crews of ghosts, which sailors see by the pale glimmerings of the moon, when it shines through the driving scud, upon a mirk midnight and a roaring sea. But, then, if I was frightened and cried, my father would straightway change the theme, and burst out with a strong clear voice into some loud fishing song, or, what I loved better still, into some brave, ancient ballad, about the fair kingdom of Scotland, and its gallant kings and stalwart knights.

"My father's long home was also the bottom of the sea. One wild March day, the coble left Kirk Leslie pier without me. I staid at home mending a dredge-net with my mother. The easterly har was on the coast, that is to say, thick cold mists and a keen wind. As the sun rose high so did the tempest; we could see nought seaward, for the grey fog was out upon the water, but every wave came white, over and over the pier, from end to end. My mother went to and fro, wan, and praying to herself; as indeed did many another fisher-wife, for they had great cause. The night was awful. I sat cowering beside my mother, who was rocking herself on a settle with her apron over her head; or now and then stole down to the beach, to where men stood with lanterns upon masts to show the harbour mouth to the poor folks at sea. Three boats, with crews pale and worn, made the land before the day; an hour after dawn our coble came tossing to the out side belt of the surf—but she was bottom upwards.

"In a month after this, my mother and I went to her father's, a very old man, and a reverend elder of the kirk."

The accounts of his education and sea-life ensue, and form a sequel worthy of the commencement.

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

Observations on the Cambridge System, &c. By A. H. Wratistaw, M.A. Cambridge: Deighton. London: Rivingtons.

A VERY able, and somewhat caustic pamphlet, in which the deification of mathematics, and the neglect of classics, as elements of Cambridge education, are vividly pointed out. In answer to Dr. Whewell's exaltation of the former, it is insisted upon that a good classic scholar must greatly exercise his reason without being a profound mathematician; whilst, on the contrary, an honoured and richly rewarded mathematician is likely enough to be an ignorant and illiterate man. To elevate the classical tripos to the standard every rational being thinks it entitled to, and not set up high above it, the mathematical tripos, which needs only attention and memory, is ably argued by Mr. Wratistaw, and will, we trust, prevail, for the benefit of the University and of really useful and liberal education. Of the same opinion seems to have been Mr. Southey, for, in a letter to Mr. James White, dated Keswick, May 2, 1814, he writes:—

"What you say of the inconvenience of ma-

thematical studies to a man who has no inclination for them, no necessity for them, no time to spare for acquiring them, and no use for them when they are acquired, is perfectly true; and I think it was one of the advantages (Heaven knows they were very few) which Oxford used to possess over Cambridge, that a man might take his degree, if he pleased, without knowing anything of the science. A tenth or a fiftieth part of the time employed upon Euclid would serve to make the under-graduate a good logician, and logic will stand him in good stead, to whatever profession he may betake himself. Your repugnance to the expense of time which this fatiguing study requires, is very natural and very reasonable; and the best comfort I can offer is to remind you that the time will soon come when you will have the pleasure of forgetting all you have learned."

We do not know whether we may not congratulate Oxford at this very moment on taking, at least, one step in the right direction towards remedying the evil so stigmatised; for it is this very week proposed to set apart 1,818l. 6s. 1d. of 3½ per cent. annuities (being a moiety of a fund raised by the friends of the late Dr. Arnold) for the institution of a prize to be called "the Arnold Prize," in the University of Oxford, for the encouragement of the study of History, Ancient and Modern. For farther improvements, we would refer, for some guidance, to Mr. Wratishlaw's able volume.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—Encouraged by your liberal introduction of my case in your number of the 27th ult., I venture to ask the insertion of the following occurrences and doings by many Members of the Royal Academy, which will plainly show how affairs have been conducted among themselves with smiling approbation, while they have broken what are misnamed the Laws of the Institution. The Royal Academy is without a Charter, and, as you well know, Sir, it is only under a Charter that laws of any society can be recognised and enforced by the authority of our Constitution.

The Instrument of Institution, or Deed, of the Academy, requires that every Academician shall uphold the institution to his utmost. They are all desired to maintain, by their works, the annual exhibitions. A Member independent of the arts, who was elected the year before I became an Academician, has exhibited but once for the last twenty or twenty-one years. Is this upholding? Nevertheless, he is allowed to retain his place amongst the forty, to the exclusion of a more worthy successor. Our Royal Academy architects set no example for rising young men. It is a very rare event to see a design by an architect who has R.A. appended to his name; and then the work is most commonly done for him by a skilful youth; a water-colour artist fills in the shadows and paints a sky and background. This, then, is an accommodating way in which Academicians are allowed to impose other men's works for their own, which is winked at by their body.

Sir T. Lawrence, while President of the Academy, committed a great number of such impositions (if I may so call these substitutions) upon his employers. I have seen many whole-length portraits exhibited as his own works, which had been painted by his helper, Mr. Munday, whom I recommended to him as a person of great abilities, the head alone being by Lawrence. Ramsay received an order from King George III. to paint ninety pairs of his whole-length portraits of the King and Queen. My father was his apprentice; and, at the expiration of his pupilage, Ramsay contracted with my father to paint them for 50 guineas the pair. For these pictures, which passed as his own work, Ramsay received

from Government 200 guineas the pair, although he remained in Rome, studying Latin and Greek inscriptions, all the while when he was supposed to be painting the portraits. *En passant*, I may say that I wrote the life of Ramsay in Canningham's "Lives of the Painters," which he promised to state to the public; but this he always omitted to do, and received any merit which accrued from it as his own.

Sir Wm. Beechey was commanded to paint a small copy for Her Majesty Queen Charlotte of his large picture George III. and the Prince of Wales Reviewing the Troops in Hyde Park—the picture now in Hampton Court Palace. I did the copy, which was about 18 inches long, for him in his studio, or show-room, in George-street, Hanover-square. Beechey showed me no sort of hospitality. His man-servant very commonly came in and told him dinner was ready. No refreshment was ever once tendered to me. When I had finished the copy, we came to payment. He was thunderstruck when I told him 80 guineas was what he had to pay me. He said, *he expected* I would have done it for 20l., as we were brother artists. I reminded him that I had been treated contemptuously, as unfit to sit at his table; for during the whole six weeks it occupied me not even a bit of bread had been offered, though I worked from 10 A.M. till 7 P.M., it being summer time. The Queen paid 120 guineas for the copy, believing it to have been painted by Sir William, and I know he received great encomiums for it.

My next contact with an R.A. was with Mr. Chantrey, afterwards knighted. Being a Derbyshire man, and ambitious of a fame for versatility, he engaged to make a set of drawings for a Topographical Work on Derbyshire. His sketches were shown to me by him at our interview at Mr. Wm. Cook's, the engraver, then living in Pentonville. They were nearly *unintelligible scratches*: words stood in most cases for drawn objects—as trees, a tree, a wall, a road, a path, figures, ducks, running water, a woman, children, stones, rough stone wall, and so on. I agreed to make proper drawings from them, at the charge of 6 guineas each. When the first six were engraved by W. Cook, and I was invited to meet Chantrey at his (Cook's) house, to my astonishment Chantrey's name was engraved at the foot as the artist, and not mine. I expostulated in vain. He had the ambition of being supposed to be a good landscape draftsman. He wished me to continue the work; but I refused to do another, unless my name as the actual artist, and not his, was engraved. This caused a silent coldness for ten years, when he, of his own accord, took me by the hand, and hoped I had forgotten all that happened many years ago. I said, *I could forgive*. We were very friendly during the rest of his life.

Sir Francis Chantrey exhibited, among other works of sculpture, some years ago, the group of two children asleep in each other's arms, lying on a mattress, now in Litchfield Cathedral. The Italian artist died some few years since, who told me, as he had told numbers of other persons, that the composition, the model, and the work in marble, were all three his doing. The manner in which Sir F. Chantrey behaved to him, his want of liberality in not confessing whence he had the design, and the daring to call the work his own, affected this poor helping sculptor deeply. He said, the powerful reputation Chantrey had in the world caused his tale of truth to be totally disbelieved. Would the Academy have dared to impugn this Royal Academician?

Hoppner engaged me to copy his half-length portrait of W. Pitt. I did thirteen for him, and, during his absence in the country recreating, I also painted four whole-lengths from his portrait, each in four days, though I had never seen, and never did see, Mr. Pitt. I was paid 20 guineas; for each half-length, for which he got 120 guineas I had 35 guineas for each whole-length, the

price he arbitrarily fixed, and he got 200 guineas. One of these whole-lengths was bought by the Duke of Gloucester; another hangs in Grocer's Hall: all passed as *his painting*, and were sold by him as *his works*.

Count Woronzoff, the Russian Minister, had the first half-length copy. Hoppner pledged his word to deliver a copy done by himself. He came to me, and desired that I would not vein the Giallo antico column, as he had a particular reason. I wondered why so insignificant a part should not be left to me, but I found this was done that he might be able to say he painted it. Then the Count desired him to sign it, *which he did*. The late Mr. Constable, R.A., a pupil of mine, exhibited a landscape in the large room of Somerset House, in which I painted a group of cattle, showing the breath steaming from their mouths; I did them with a palette knife to imitate his manner, and he kindly fathered them.

Thus, Sir, I think enow of examples have been adduced to show that upon points of honesty the Academic conscience has not the reality of being very tender; at the same time, it has often been shown to be of the most accommodating kind whenever members of the exclusive or anti-reform party were concerned; and again and again the laws of the academy have been disregarded or broken through, altogether: instances of combination amongst the forty to carry some purpose unworthy of those who follow so high and enlightened a study as art, and subversive of all that should be the aim and object of the society are plentiful since its first foundation. As examples, may be mentioned the case of R. Strange, the celebrated engraver; the Academy refused to admit him, although they directly after elected Bartolozzi, the protégé of Lord Bute, and Mr. Dalton, pretending that he was a painter. Barry was a victim to a similar combination, and was actually expelled on account of his persevering attempts at improving the school: he was refused a copy of the charges made against him precisely as I have been. Mr. Cockerell once brought forward a proposition that foreign artists should be elected honorary members; this was negated by a large majority, but Mr. C. published a pamphlet upon the subject, which created such enmity against him that he also narrowly escaped expulsion. I have always had the honour to belong to the liberal party; and about 12 years ago I again introduced the proposition that line engravers should be admitted to the Royal Academy; it was lost by minority of 7 out of 24 votes. For a length of time it has been evident to me that I was an obnoxious member; and after giving me various hints by hanging my pictures in unfavourable positions, and other insignificant slights, at length the opportunity occurred for getting rid of me. Finally, recurring to the facts of my case, many persons have supposed that I sent the work of another for exhibition as my own. This impression will now, I trust, be removed; that I had no intention to deceive is evident from the fact of the picture being exhibited at Exeter with the two names Reinagle and Yarnold, and it would have gone in to the academy with the same names, only that I believed there was no such person as Mr. Yarnold. The loss of my pension is an injustice and injury that I cannot help feeling; the loss of my title of R.A., though necessarily attended with some professional injury, is of far less importance in my esteem than my credit and character with my friends and the public.*

With many thanks for the valuable space you have allotted me, I am, your most obedient servant,
R. R. REINAGLE.

May 3, 1850.

* Our readers may recollect the story of the full length statue by Bacon, fitted with a new head by another eminent sculptor.—Ed. L. G.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.
ROYAL INSTITUTION.

May 10th.—Dr. Mantell "On the Geology and Fossil Remains of New Zealand." The recent acquisition by the lecturer of a highly interesting suite of minerals and fossils, collected by his son, Mr. Walter Mantell, from the Middle Island of New Zealand, enabled him to present a more extended and accurate view of the geological structure and organic remains of those islands than had previously been obtained. In the introduction of his discourse, Dr. Mantell alluded to the successive appearance and extinction of races of highly organised beings; to the history of the Dodo (as given in the beautiful work of Messrs. Strickland and Melville), in proof that this law of extinction is still going on; and to the rarity of fossil remains of birds which had always been remarked by palæontologists. The discovery of large quantities of fossil bones, almost exclusively referable to birds, in the alluvial and tertiary deposits of New Zealand, was, therefore, he said, in every point of view, a fact of the highest interest and importance, independently of the remarkable size and peculiar characters of many of the species and genera. He then gave a rapid, but perspicuous, narrative of the progressive discovery of the first fragment of a femur, brought to England by Mr. Rule, in 1838, and described by Professor Owen; and of the collections subsequently received from Messrs. Cotton, Williams, Mackellar, Earle, Wakefield, &c., and, finally, of the rich series collected by his son in the North Island in 1846 and 1847, and that from the Middle Island in 1848 and 1849—the latter contributing the principal specimens, with which the table was covered. After referring to the three memoirs of Professor Owen on the *Dinornis* and allied genera, published in the "Zoological Transactions," Dr. Mantell proceeded to explain, by the aid of many beautiful sketches and sections (furnished by Mr. Walter Mantell), the geological structure of the islands of New Zealand, and described the two principal localities from which the Moa's bones had been obtained. Those from the North Island were from a bed of volcanic sand (*menaccanite*), near the mouth of the river Waingongoro; those from the Middle Island were dug up from a morass or swamp, that is covered by the sea, except at low water, and lies in a little bay near Waikouaiti. In the former deposit the bones are light and porous, and the carcasses of the birds were evidently floated down into the then submerged deposit of decomposed augitic rocks: the locality at Waikouaiti, on the contrary, was originally a swamp, covered with the *phormium tenax* (flax-plant) in which some of the birds had become mired, as was evident by the position in which the remains were occasionally found; a pair of perfect feet, including the shank-bones and all the phalanges and unguals, was dug up on the spot, one standing about a yard in advance of the other. These matchless specimens, which were on the table, were described, and their peculiar characters pointed out; being the first and only certain series of the bones of the same individual feet. The bird to which they belonged must have been ten or eleven feet high. Dr. Mantell then took a general view of the structure and habits of the different genera and species (to which Prof. Owen has given the names of *Dinornis*, *Palapteryx*, *Aptornis*, *Notornis*, &c.), some of which are tridactyle, others tetradactyle; and Dr. M. especially directed attention to some proximal phalangeals of the middle toe, in which the articulation was unequally divided, exactly as in the ostrich—thus indicating that a two-toed struthious bird was contemporary with the large three-toed Moa, of which such stupendous relics were exhibited. After dwelling briefly on the anatomical character of the skull, &c., and on the physiological inferences they supported, and of the eggshells, the lecturer exhibited crania, mandibles,

and other parts of the skeleton of birds contemporary with the Moa, and referable to the Albatross, Penguin, Nestor, Water-rail, and Apteryx; the latter being the living representative of the race of colossal struthious birds which once swarmed on the islands of New Zealand. A stuffed specimen of the Apteryx, and drawings of the live birds and of the skeleton were exhibited. Bones of a species of dog, and of two kinds of seals—unquestionably coeval with the Moa, for they were dug up on the spot by Mr. Walter Mantell, and are in the same fossilised state as the birds' bones—were the only indications of mammalia. Thus the ancient fauna of New Zealand resembled the modern, in which one species of rat (and perhaps an animal related to the otter, but only known by native description) is the sole indigenous warm-blooded quadruped. Dr. Mantell inferred, from the vast quantity of the remains of birds, their wide distribution, and the position of the ossiferous deposits, which clearly indicate a high antiquity, that this race of colossal birds ranged for ages, unmolested either by carnivorous animals or by man; that with the early human colonisation their destruction commenced, and that the last, like the Dodo and the Irish Elk, were exterminated at a comparatively recent period. Many highly interesting comments were made on the physical evidence that those Islands of the South Pacific—viz., New Zealand, with Philip Island and Norfolk Island on the north, and Chatham and Auckland on the east and south, were but the culminating points of a vast continent, now submerged, and over which the Moa and its kindred, once roamed at will. Alluding to the theory still supported by many eminent observers, that the distribution of animal forms and the peculiar structures of many of the extinct races were altogether different to the present state of animated nature, Dr. M. introduced some striking illustrations in proof that there are as great apparent anomalies and discrepancies in certain types of organization, and in the local faunas, now existing, as in any that geology has revealed. The reptilian fauna of the Galapagos Islands, the Marsupial of New Holland, the Ornithic of New Zealand, differed as much from all European groups of animals as those of the tertiary and secondary formations; while the *Ornithorhynchus*, or duck-billed platypus, with its thick hairy skin, and giving suck to its young, in every sense a true mammal, yet with jaws terminating in a broad expansion, covered with a horny beak like a duck, was as great a paradox in the class Mammalia as the extinct *Ignomodon* in that of Reptilia; and yet certain naturalists had refused assent to the only interpretation the maxillary and dental organs of that creature would admit of, namely, that this herbivorous saurian was capable of triturating its food like the large ruminants, and being edentulous, had cheeks, an under lip capable of extension, and a prehensile tongue, although it possessed a scaly skin like the true lizards. The splendid fossil jaw of the *Ignomodon* (well known to our readers from the memoir in the "Philosophical Transactions," for which the royal medal of last year was awarded to Dr. Mantell) was placed on the table beside a skeleton of the *Ornithorhynchus*, and the peculiar characters referred to were pointed out. Dr. Mantell concluded with an eloquent summary of the facts and deductions enunciated in his discourse, and stated that he was in daily expectation of receiving from his son highly interesting information respecting some extensive caverns containing bones of birds and other animals, in the North Island of New Zealand.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.
OXFORD, May 10.—The Rev. R. C. Gazeley, M.A., Christ Church; the Rev. B. Maddock, M.A., Corpus Christi College; the Rev. J. A. D. Meakin, M.A., St. John's; and

the Rev. F. J. Walker, M.A., Magdalen College, Cambridge, were admitted *ad eundem*; and, at the same time, the following degrees were conferred:—*Doctor in Civil Law*.—M. C. M. Swabey, Student of Christ Church.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. F. Watt, University; M. Williams, Exeter; T. Coulson, Student, Rev. C. Randolph, Christ Church; Rev. N. Dimock, St. John's; Rev. E. Pinder, Wadham; Rev. W. Godden, Worcester.

Bachelors of Arts.—P. P. Rooper, Grand Comptroller; J. H. Milne, Brasenose; H. J. P. de Salis, Exeter; R. L. Pennell, G. W. Kitchen, Student, Christ Church; Octavian Ogle, Scholar, J. F. Taylor, Wadham; H. S. Pagan, Scholar, H. C. Levander, Pembroke; A. S. Farrar, St. Mary-hall.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

WE have fallen rather in arrears with our reports of the Society of Antiquaries, and, in fact, we are obliged to confess, that too often the meetings present nothing out of which a report of any interest can be made. A few trifling exhibitions, a letter or two, or something of no greater moment, generally compose the bill of fare. We much fear that the society is falling back into its old state of apathy, and that it will require a much more thorough reformation, before it will be able to take its proper place among modern antiquarian societies. Two principles seem to have gained by far too much hold on those who chiefly interfere in the management—one, that it is a great effort in archæology to bring from some collection of historical papers a private letter of the sixteenth or seventeenth century; the other, that the society is best carrying out its object by hoarding up its money, instead of expending it in promoting antiquarian purposes. With regard to the latter, we hold that every member of the society who pays his four guineas a year, has a right to expect that the whole of his subscription should be expended during that year, on the objects for which he gave it, and that he should thus reap during the year the full benefit of his contribution, and that no more money should be put aside than is enough to guard the society against risks and accidents. The uselessness, rather than the usefulness of a society, is, as we know by experience, generally proved by the quantity of money hoarded up. With regard to the supply of antiquarian essays, by which chiefly the society must gain its character, the proper way to procure them does not yet appear to have been followed. It happens, unfortunately, that only a portion of the Society of Antiquaries consist of men who are really antiquaries; for many years, the society, by the manner in which it was conducted, has acted as a damper upon antiquarian science, and there are, unfortunately, few who yet possess the enlarged antiquarian knowledge which has been fostered in other countries, or who are capable of writing essays worthy to fill up the pages of the *Archæologia*; for, we repeat it, a mistaken importance has been given to old letters and documents of this kind. Now, it is very evident that men of knowledge and talent join in associations of this kind, to effect, by uniting together, objects, which they might not be able to effect singly, and that, when they find no encouragement within the society, that they are not consulted and listened to in its councils as they ought to be, but that, on the contrary, the only persons apparently consulted, and in a manner placed over them, are their inferiors in science, and men in whose councils they have no confidence, it is natural for them to become inactive in the society, and to retire upon their own resources of activity without the society. This is a state of things which ought to be avoided, as the greatest misfortune that can fall upon an institution like the Society of Antiquaries.

We have been led into these remarks by knowing that there is dissatisfaction in the Society of Antiquaries, and by hearing the complaints of many of its members. Among other complaints we may venture to mention one: that the selection of vice-presidents during Lord Ma-

hon's presidency has not been judicious. They have all been either men incapable of presiding, unable to attend, or having no claim at all to such a position by their antiquarian attainments, their appreciation of the objects of the society, or their popularity among its members; of course we except the two old vice-presidents, Mr. Hallam and Sir Robert Inglis. A usual result of this is, that the chair of the society becomes neglected by those who would grace it, and is left to those, who, feeling they are out of their place, try to keep themselves in countenance by complimenting one another: this must end in deadening the society. There is, however, a still greater evil which rises in the Society of Antiquaries from an injudicious choice of vice-presidents, who are in the nomination of the presidency, instead of being elective, and who have gained an undue importance from the practice which has gradually arisen, of considering them perpetual officers. It is self-evident that a society of antiquaries can only flourish when its affairs are conducted by the best antiquaries in its ranks, and that it is necessary for its prosperity that those best antiquaries should, if possible, be kept always on its council. Now, by the old laws and constitution of the Society of Antiquaries, so great a change must necessarily be made every year in the council, that none but the officers can be kept in perpetuity, and, therefore, by naming officers who are inefficient antiquaries, or no antiquaries at all, those, of whose services the society is really in want, are kept out of the position in which they would be able to serve it.

We trust that some changes will be made in the present system, so as to make the Society of Antiquaries more efficient. We have a prejudice in its favour, perhaps beyond most other societies, and have made these remarks in a disinterested wish to promote its prosperity. Our reports have been accidentally interrupted for two or three weeks, but, as we have already observed, not much has been lost thereby. We shall resume at the last Anniversary, and when any subject of interest is brought before the society at its meetings, we shall not fail to lay them before the public; but we cannot help thinking that there is something radically wrong when we see so many antiquarian researches carried on in different parts, so much antiquarian knowledge abroad, and, we may add, so much written; that this is all outside and unconnected with the Society of Antiquaries, while in the society there seems to be as much apathy as ever.

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

March 28th.—Mr. Pfister exhibited the rare Ursula, Thaler (probably the only specimen in England), struck, by order of the Senate of Cologne, in 1516, in honour of the British Princess Ursula (a daughter of Deonotus, King of Cornwall), and of her companions, the eleven thousand British virgins. The type of the obverse is a ship, in the form of those represented on the nobles of Edward III.; upon the side of it are seen sculptured the three leopards of England, and within it are hoisted two standards, one having the three leopards, the other the ermelines of Brittany (Bretagne); several figures appear standing on board the ship; in the middle is St. Ursula, with folded hands, and wearing a crown; to her left is St. Cyriacus, the pope, a supposed native of Great Britain,* and to her right

* In the list of early Popes no Cyriacus is to be found; mention, however, is made of him as a priest at Treves, in the 4th century. At a later period he appears as Patron Saint of Ancona. On an ancient basso-relievo outside the cathedral of that city in which he is buried, he is represented in episcopal attire, with the low mitre of the primitive times, and the inscription O AFIOC KYPIAKOC. "Saint Cyriacus." On the early Groat of Ancona, 1200-1250, is a similar representation, with the legend S QVIRIACVS. PI., "Papa? or Primarius Protector?" On other coins EP, "Episcopus," DE ANCONA, the name sometimes spelt with a C and K.

St. Pantalus, Bishop of Basle, whilst in the background are seen five maids of honour, also with folded hands. The legend is as follows:—SANGVIN[E] ILROSE[O] REGNA VICERE SVPER[N]A. "With their rosy blood these have gained the heavenly kingdom." Upon the reverse are represented the figures of the three Magi, crowned, standing, and holding each a sceptre in one hand, and in the other a gift for the infant Christ. Near these figures are seen their respective shields of arms, and before the middle figure a large shield, with the arms of Cologne, stands upon the ground.

The names IASPAR, MELCHIOR, and BALTASAR, were given to the three kings by the venerable Bede. In exergue we read O. FELI. COL. "O felix Colonia," namely, the city of Cologne considered herself happy to be in possession of those relics, to which a poet of days of old also alludes:—

Gaude felix Agrippina
Sanctaque Colonia:
Sanctitatis tuæ bina
Gerens testimonia
Postquam fidem suscepisti,
Civitas prænobilis,
Recidiva non fuisti.
Sed in fide stabilis.

Maximus, an ancient Briton, having rebelled against the Roman Emperor Gratianus, proclaimed himself Emperor, and went over to France with a great number of his countrymen, where, having expelled the Armoricans and given their territory to his own followers, he appointed Connanus their lord or captain. After establishing themselves in Brittany, they became desirous of the company of some of their countrywomen, and accordingly requested Deonotus, King of Cornubia or Cornwall, who was a Christian, to supply them with wives. In compliance with their request, and encouraged by a promise from Connanus that he would not merely embrace Christianity himself but effect the conversion of his companions, Deonotus affianced him his beautiful daughter Ursula, and at the same time selected eleven thousand Christian virgins, to send over as brides for his countrymen.

When all that was necessary for their voyage was prepared, they embarked in eleven vessels for France. A storm, however, drove them upon the German coast, obliging them to enter the Rhine. Having landed at Cologne, Ursula was there inspired in a dream to go with her companions to Rome. This journey was safely accomplished, and she was not merely received by Pope Cyriacus with the utmost kindness and reverence, but obtained the honour of his companionship on her return to Cologne. At Basle they were joined by St. Pantalus, Bishop of that see. Upon their arrival at Cologne, they found the town surrounded by an army of Huns, and falling into the hands of these barbarians, the virgin band rather than yield to their unholy addresses, submitted themselves one and all a sacrifice to their swords. After the retreat of the Huns, the pious inhabitants of Cologne collected the bones of the eleven thousand maiden martyrs, and interred them in a church, which derives from their royal leader the name of St. Ursula.

On continental coins many British and Irish saints are represented. For instance, the figure of LUCIUS, a British king, on the coins of Coire, which is generally considered the oldest Bishoprick in Switzerland, and St. Lucius, having laid aside the royal dignity, is considered the primitive head of the Christian church in that part of Helvetia. A steep place under the castles of Marsola (Mars in oculis) and of Spinola, is called upon this day Lucius's cavern. Lucius having been considered by the Roman Governor a seducer of the populace, was ordered by him to be stoned to death. This is said to have happened in the beginning of the third century. His sister, St. Emerita, lived likewise near Coire, and was beaten to death with clubs by some unbelieving

mountaineers. Both their bodies are preserved in the cathedral of St. Luci. However, the first certain Bishop of Coire, of whom there are credible accounts in old writings, is ASIMONUS, to whose signature reference was made at a Synod held in 451 at Chalcedon, in the following manner: "Ego Abundantius, Episcopus ecclesie Comensis* in omnia supra scripta pro me, ac pro absente sancto fratre meo, Asimone, Episcopo ecclesie Curienensis primæ Rhetie, consensi et subscripsi."

BONIFACIUS, from Kirtion, who was archbishop of Mentz, and was killed by the Frisians in 755, is represented on the coins of Fulda and the town of Hameln. KILIAN, decapitated at Würzburg in 687, on the coins of Corbach and Würzburg. OSWALD killed at the battle of Maserfeld in 642, on coins of Berg and Dieren. WIGBERT, Abbot of Fritzlar, died 747, on coins of the Abbey of Hirschfeld in Hassia. WILLIBALD, first Bishop of Eichstaedt, on the coins of that see; and WILLEHADUS (time of Charlemagne), first Bishop of Bremen, on the coins of Bremen.

Of Irishmen we have FRIDOLIN, abbot of Seckingen, died in 540, on the coins of Glarus. GALLUS, died in 640, on the coins of St. Gallen. MAGNUS, abbot in a convent near Bregenz, died in 660, on coins of Campten, and VIRGILIUS, bishop of Salzburg, who died in 780, is represented on a coin of Salzburg.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Chemical, 8 p.m.—Medical, 8 p.m.—Pathological, 8 p.m.
Tuesday.—Civil Engineers, (Mr. E. Cowper "on Printing Machines; especially that used for the Printing of the Times newspaper.") 8 p.m.—Pharmaceutical, (Anniversary) 11 a.m.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.—Geological, (Count Achille de Zigno "On the Stratified Formation of the Venetian Alps," Mr. Davis "on the Limestone of Nash, near Presteigne, South Wales," Mr. Stevenson "on a Gap in the Greywacke Formation of the Eastern Lammern, filled with Old Red Sandstone Conglomerate.") 8 p.m.—Archæological Association, 84 p.m.—United Service Institution, (Major Adams "on Field Works.") 3 p.m.—Royal Botanic, (Promenade) 3½ p.m.
Thursday.—Royal Society of Literature, 4 p.m.—Numismatic, 7 p.m.
Friday.—Linnæan, (Anniversary) 1 p.m.—Royal Institution, (Mr. Brodie "on a New Law of Chemical Action.") 8½ p.m.—Philological, (Anniversary) 8 p.m.
Saturday.—Royal Botanic (American Exhibition).

ARCHÆOLOGY.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

May 8th.—Mr. Pettigrew, V.P. in the chair. Presents were received. Communications were read from Messrs. Barton and Bergne, relating to coins found in the Isle of Wight, very closely resembling those of our Henry 3rd, and some other English and Scotch kings near the same period, but bearing the names of Flemish towns, and apparently coined by the Princes of that nation. Mr. Barton affirms them to be good and true money, but Mr. Bergne considers they are imitations, either struck by the Princes to obtain the profit of mintage, or, by them, or some private individuals, for the purpose of circulating light or base coins. Mr. Ashpitel, and other members, remarked that complaints were constantly made in this country about the fraudulent practices of the Flemings, even as late as Henry 8th. From Mr. W. L. Brown, (by Mr. Jewitt) an account and drawings of Roman remains found at Alchester, Oxfordshire; consisting of a great variety of pottery, and also a stone implement which Mr. B. considers to have been used to bruise boiled grain. From Mr. Lott, on some Roman coins found during an excavation for a drain in the upper part of Cheapside. From Mr. C. Bailly, on an ampulla of lead now in the Museum at York, and which he supposes was used to contain the oil used in the Romish sacrament

* Represented on the coins of Como, in pontificalibus as protector of that city.

of extreme unction, this appearing to be the subject represented on one side of the vessel. It is of about the 13th century. From Mr. Purland, on a representation of one of four candelabra in the Cathedral of Ghent, said to have belonged to Charles 1st; and from Mr. Harrison and Rev. Mr. Massie, some further remarks on the pavements, &c., at Chester, and from Mr. C.R. Smith, on the excavations at Lyme Castle (for an account of which see last *Literary Gazette*). Exhibitions of antiquities from different parts of Norfolk, of a book cover with ivory carving of the Ascension, temp., 11th century; and a very large stone celt from Malta, by Messrs. G. Johnson, G. Isaacs, and — Fillingham. From Mr. Pretty, of Northampton, complaining of an error in the report in the *Gentleman's Magazine* and *Literary Gazette*, of that meeting of the Archaeological Association, at which his paper on the discoveries near Towcester was read. It is there reported, that he stated a coin of Carus had been found; this is not true, and the error appears to have arisen from copying a local paper, instead of getting the requisite information for making up such a report from the association.

YORKSHIRE ANTIQUARIAN CLUB.

May 1st.—At a meeting of this club a very interesting collection of ancient remains, from tumuli in the neighbourhood of Pickering, recently opened by Mr. Ruddock, the very able and intelligent bird-stuffer, of that place, was exhibited to the members and visitors, of whom a considerable number were present. The objects consisted of several cinerary urns and other vases of early British pottery, of various shape and ornament; of weapons, including spear and arrow heads of flint, some of them of peculiar beauty of form; of beads and other ornaments of jet, &c. Some of the tumuli from which these objects were taken were remarkable for the situation of the sepulchral deposit at a very unusual depth. In one there was a cisterna at a depth of eleven feet below the surface of the natural soil, and eighteen feet from the summit of the tumulus. Some of the objects exhibited were of considerable interest and rarity: one vase in particular, capable of holding about a pint, elaborately ornamented, and what was considered very remarkable, furnished with a handle, excited much attention as a beautiful and perhaps unique specimen of early Celtic pottery. In one case only was any object of metal found, and this consisted of a spear-head of bronze, which was taken from a cisterna containing two skeletons and a second spear-head of flint. It was understood that a detailed account of these tumuli would be prepared by Mr. Copperthwaite, of Malton; Mr. Kendall, a gentleman who has rendered much valuable assistance and countenance to Mr. Ruddock, kindly promising his aid towards this object.

Biography.—Recently, after a long illness, Mr. John Dennett, of Carisbrooke Castle, Isle of Wight. As the inventor of the rockets, known by the name of "Dennett's Rockets," which have saved hundreds of human lives in shipwreck, Mr. Dennett has earned the lasting gratitude of his country. But although several trials decided the superiority of his invention over all others of a like description, Mr. Dennett never received the notice of Government, and all his applications, and those of his friends, for a share of patronage were met with chilling silence. Private individuals, and a few companies, encouraged him, and among the former may be named the amiable Miss Gurney, of Cromer, in Norfolk, who, we are told, has for years kept a supply of Dennett's rockets, and successfully employed them on the Norfolk coast. Neglected at home, Mr. Dennett was not unnoticed by foreign nations. He received several letters of thanks for his services in saving human life, and a medal, with some

honorary distinction, from the king of the French, which he prized exceedingly. At the second congress of the British Archaeological Association, at Winchester, Mr. Dennett read the result of his researches in the tumuli of the Isle of Wight, and the facts which he has collected in a field of research, overlooked entirely by Sir R. Worsley, the historian of the Island, will be often referred to by the antiquary and topographical historian. We believe the Earl of Malmesbury presented Mr. Dennett with the situation of keeper of Carisbrooke Castle, and we trust his family, or his son, will be allowed to retain it.

Discovery of a Merovingian Cemetery at Envermeu.—The Abbé Cochet, inspector of the historical monuments of the department (we learn from the *Revue de Rouen*) has recently made a new archaeological discovery. The workmen who were employed in cutting a new road from Blangy towards Bolbec, across Envermeu, dug into a Merovingian cemetery, very analogous to those discovered at Douvrend and at Londinières, making the third Frankish cemetery found in the valley of the Eaulne during the last twelve years. At Envermeu the Abbé Cochet has already upwards of fifty skeletons. Those of females are easily recognised by the necklaces, bracelets, and earrings, and the various implements of the toilette which accompany them. Those of males are ascertained by the long knives and poignards, by styli, tweezers, and such objects; warriors by swords, lances, and axes. The most curious object is a Merovingian helmet. It is surmounted by a point like the *casques* worn by the Norman warriors, as represented in the Bayeux tapestry. Only the framework remains, and this was the case with the Saxon helmet, crested by the figure of a hog, discovered by Mr. Bateman in Derbyshire. At the feet of the Envermeu skeletons were earthen vessels, or urns, of various forms. The field in which this discovery has been made is known by the name of *la Tombe*. The excellent museum of Rouen, in which the departmental antiquities are so well classified and preserved, will receive this new and valuable addition, and we shall look with interest for the Abbé Cochet's report on this discovery.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 160. *The Spirit of Justice.* *D. MacIse.* Painted in fresco in the House of Lords, and an admirable example of the artist, in a manner new to him and to our school. The fine balance of the higher portion of the group seems as it were a symbol of the subject, Justice; and the whole illustration of the crime and appeal, by the striking action on either side below, belongs to the noblest class of art. The allegorical additions, types of freedom and order, enhance the excellence of the composition, and give it a historical importance beyond the episodic character of the principal event.

No. 151, *Psyche returning from the infernal regions, &c.* *T. Uwins.* Chosen from a fable of Apuleius, and treated with all the grace of the artist. In form and tone it is not surpassed by any of Mr. Uwin's charmingly poetical and classic productions.

No. 169, *The Escape of Francesco Novello di Carrara.* *C. L. Eastlake.* Painted for the Vernon Gallery, and a repetition, with alterations, of the same incident previously exhibited by Mr. Eastlake. In grouping it is exceedingly effective, and there is more variety and depth of colour than in most of his works, so that we feel a greater degree of reality than is sometimes the result of studious refinement.

No. 174, *Mercury sent to admonish Eneas.* *J. M. W. Turner.* See also 192, 373, 482, which are absolutely dazzling, and, like the sun, hardly to be looked at without shading the eyes. They

are indeed marvellous combinations of colour upon the highest scale—we would say beyond nature, though we have bent, almost in rapture, before Sunrises and Sunsets in the heavens themselves. But it is, after all, more the harmony than the excess of brilliancy that delights and astonishes us. The pictures are wonders.

No. 189, *A Dialogue at Waterloo.* *E. Landseer.* One of the great attractions of the year, and an ambitious effort even of our famed artist. The Duke, on a dark horse, is pointing out to the beautiful Marchioness of Douro, upon a white courser, the positions and other circumstances of his immortal victory; and a group of Flemish peasantry are enjoying a pic-nic on the ground on the other side. The Duke's attitude and look are perfectly characteristic. The animals, as might be expected, are excellently done (dare we venture to suspect that the hind legs of the lady's horse are hardly substantial enough and have a shadowy air), and the field covered with artistic, as it was before with military, glory.

No. 202, *Interior of the Church of St. Gomar.* *D. Roberts.* We have only to repeat the name in order to observe that in this and six other works Mr. Roberts has fully sustained his exalted reputation. We think him superior to his last year; and then we thought that he never could do any thing better or improve upon what was before us; but real genius is always striking out some novel touches of beauty, and so it is in the present instance.

No. 233, *The Marquis having chosen patient Griselda, &c., R. Redgrave,* is a spirited composition from Chaucer, and represents the court ladies sent to dress Griselda in her father's cottage. The heroine is almost nude, and sweetly expressed, and the various acts and feelings of her fashionable adorners make a busy scene, well costumed, and telling the story as well.

No. 239, *Summer Showers.* *T. S. Cooper.* A superb group of cattle on the foreground, a distance not less beautifully and naturally painted, a whole worthy of our Paul Potter and Cuyt in one.

No. 245, *Venus and Cupid.* *G. Patten,* is a pretty pair, sweetly composed and coloured.

No. 264, *Pluto carrying away Proserpine.* *F. R. Pickersgill.* We are afraid the artist has had bad models, or, at any rate, has studied them badly. This picture is quite unworthy of him. There is hardly a figure that is not out of drawing, and in some the prominent parts are anything but natural or inviting.

No. 281, *E. Landseer.* We mentioned before, the Shepherd digging the Sheep out of the Snow; and all the animal life on the canvass are in the foremost and most effective style of the artist's pencil. The subject is treated with fearful truth, and is yet quite unique.

No. 292, *Peter the Great sees Catherine, his future Empress, for the first time.* *A. L. Egg.* Also noticed before, but difficult to be noticed too much; as it is one of the best pieces of its kind in this year's gallery. The characters are capably contrasted, and the Guard-room scene as well conceived, where the brave-looking Catherine shows worthy of her future destiny.

Burford's Panorama of Killarney, one of the most beautiful he has ever produced, was opened to private view on Saturday. Next to the delights of the Lakes themselves, nothing can excel this second-hand enjoyment of them at our own door.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Thursday.

It may not, perhaps, be generally known in England, that in France the printing trade is a privileged one, that is, is only allowed to be exercised by a certain number of persons in each

town, who have obtained a special license from the government. As the government can give the license, it necessarily follows that it can revoke it; but, although it has often refused to grant a license, it has very rarely indeed, of late years, one might say, never revoked one, when once granted. But, yesterday, the Minister of the Interior exercised his power in this respect, by withdrawing the license of the printer of three of the ultra-republican journals. This act has, not unnaturally, caused a profound sensation in the literary as well as in the political world, for it shows that the government can, if it pleases, prevent the printing of any book, pamphlet, newspaper, magazine—in a word anything, or everything—which may not happen to suit its taste or convenience. Assuredly the disturbed situation of this unfortunate country, with civil war constantly impending over it, may be considered a justification of many arbitrary acts; but it is impossible, I think, for any one, in these days of print, not to be startled at finding that republican and revolutionary France is subject to such an inquisition-like régime: and one is still more startled in reflecting at the immense loss which every department of literature would have sustained if this tremendous power had been exercised by Louis Philippe, or Charles X., for a few years.

Ledru Rollin's *Decadence of England*, of which I spoke in my last, has been extensively sold, and it is placarded in great staring letters on every dead wall of the capital. The first impression it creates on the mind of the impartial reader is, that Solomon never said a truer thing in his life than when he cried—"Oh, that mine enemy would write a book!" It is, in sober truth, discreditable to its author. In the first place, it is written in a spirit of infuriate hatred to England:—and the author thereby shows that the pompous declamations of himself and his party, about establishing "fraternity" among nations, is a foul lie:—he also proves himself destitute of one of the noblest qualities of the human heart—gratitude for benefits conferred: for ought not his gratitude to England for her generous hospitality to him and his fellows in their persecution to be great and profound? In the next place, the book is infamously written: pomposity is mistaken for eloquence, bluster for energy, twaddle for argument, stupid prejudice for enlightened appreciation. In the third place, it is in some parts a clumsy compilation of well-known facts; in others a mass of downright falsehood: for example, all the facts and figures as to the state of different trades, which have been published in Parliamentary reports and in the letters of the *Morning Chronicle*, are impudently filched; and as to the falsehood, you may judge of it from the single circumstance that the author gravely assures the world that liberty of the press does not exist in England—that the right of public meeting does not exist, and that there is no protection to individual liberty! But the last, and what the author's political admirers will no doubt think the gravest, objection of all is, that, from the first page to the last, the book displays the total want of the commonest political sagacity. It is all very fine to predict the decadence of England—any ass can do that, and do it with truth, too, considering that nations decay like individuals;—it is all very fine to rave about the infamy of the English Government, and the multitudinous defects of the political and social system of England (which last has not and never had the pretension to be perfect)—any body who scribbles leading articles can do as much;—but what we had a right to expect from a man who, like M. Ledru Rollin, has sat in the cabinet of a nation, is the head of a vast political party, and is, perchance—who can tell?—destined one day to be the chief ruler of his country—were the enlarged views, the keen fore-

sight, the impartial balancing of good and evil, the lofty disdain of vulgar political partisanship and international hatreds which characterise the veritable statesman—for such things as these, however, we seek in vain.

The week has not been theatrically fertile. A five act play, at the Porte St. Martin, called *La Misère* has obtained some success—not on account of its literary merits, for they are few, nor of its dramatic interest which is not great—but because it flatters the passions of the multitude by representing the poor as the victims of the injustice of society. At the Opera, Albani has made a great hit as *Fides* in the *Prophet of Meyerbeer*. There is a report that Mario, who is now in Russia, has entirely lost his voice.

Experiments and discussions on the properties of light continue to be the order of the day in the scientific world; and the venerable Sir David Brewster has come over from London expressly to say his *mot* on the question. Sir David, Lord Brougham, and the English savans generally, stand firm by the theories of Newton, whilst M. Arago and the French have become firm partisans of what they call the *theorie des undulations*. The latter, with all the impetuosity of their nation, insist that they completely demolish Newton and his countrymen, but, nevertheless, listen with polite attention to the objections made to their system.

Can the manager of a theatre obtain damages from a newspaper for the publication of an ill-natured or unjust article on one of his pieces? This grave question has just been decided in the negative by one of the courts. It arose in consequence of the manager of the Théâtre des Variétés having demanded the small sum of 400*l.* from the proprietors of the daily newspaper, the *Estafette*, for having said that the dramatised version of George Sand's *Petite Fadette* had been hissed at his house.

The newspapers will convey to you the lamentable intelligence of the death of M. Guy-Lussac, one of the most distinguished scientific men of this country or of Europe.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

Australia Felix.—An incredible number of snakes have made their appearance in Gipps Land, to that extent that the settlers' lives had been in many instances endangered from the reptiles entering their houses. Many providential escapes are recorded, and an immense number were killed. —*Adelaide Observer.*

The New South Wales University, about to be established at Sydney, is a remarkable step in the progress of colonial improvement. The cost is estimated at 30,000*l.* for the building, and 5,000*l.* for the furnishing. The Rector, a Professor of Classics, is to have 800*l.* a year; the other professors to range from 330*l.* to 400*l.*, and 100*l.* is to be allowed for expenses to those who come out from England.

Archæology.—In the neighbourhood of the Roman road which runs through La Hesbaye, are many *tumuli*, which are supposed to belong to the earliest periods. With a view to the advancement of science, Government have purchased them from the *communes* in which they lie. On Tuesday week, the opening of some was commenced at Omal, in the vicinity of Waremmé. The examination (which is being actively proceeded with) is under the superintendence of M. Schayes, director of the Museum of Antiquities at Brussels, assisted by an engineer, the *commissaire d'arrondissement*, and M. de Selys. It is hoped that the results of this search, with skilful management, will throw some further light on the ancient history of Belgium. —*Brussels Herald.*

Foreign Archaeology.—The *Société des Antiquaires de la Morinie* have favoured us with a notice of their approaching "concours," for 1850-51, which is to take place in December next.

The programme does great honour to a Provincial Institution. There is a medal worth 250*fr.* for the best historical essay on the group of villages in the department of the Pas-de-Calais, or of the ancient Morinie. A similar medal for the best biography of Maréchal Armand d'Audrehem, known in the middle ages as d'Arnaud d'Audrehem; and, finally, there is a medal of 500*fr.* for the best memoir on the history of merchant corporations or guilds, in the extreme north of the nation of the Gauls.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

M. AGASSIZ IN AMERICA.

M. AGASSIZ, with some scientific companions, having, in the autumn of 1849, made a tour to the northern coasts of Lake Superior, an account of their journey has been published at Boston (Gould, Kendall, and Lincoln), which contains a number of interesting notes on geology and natural history. The following specimens are taken from Reviews in the *New York Literary World*. At Niagara, an Indian trophy is recorded:—

"Rattlesnakes are found among the rocks about these cliffs, and one had been taken alive the day before, in the path leading down to the whirlpool. There is said to be a mound of their bones in the neighbourhood, erected in token of full revenge by some Indians, whose chief had been killed by a rattlesnake's bite."

A vagabond village on the outskirts of civilization is thus described:—

"*The Sault de St. Marie.*—The most striking feature of the place is the number of drum-shops and bowling alleys. Standing in front of one of the hotels I counted seven buildings where liquor was sold, besides the larger 'stores' where this was only one article among others. The roar of bowling alleys and the click of billiard balls are heard from morning until late at night. The whole aspect is that of a western village on a fourth of July afternoon. Nobody seems to be at home, but all out on a spree, or going a fishing or bowling. There are no symptoms of agriculture or manufactures; traders enough, but they are chatting at their doors or walking about from one shop to another. The wide platforms in front of the two large taverns are occupied by leisurely people with their chairs tilted back, and cigars in their mouths. Nobody is busy but the bar-keepers, and no one seems to know what he is going to do next."

The habits of a herd of cows at Fort William, a post of the Hudson's Bay Company, were somewhat singular.

"*Aquatic Cows.*—As the pasturage on the other side of the river is much better than about the Fort, these cows swim across regularly every morning, and back in the evening, a distance of two or three hundred yards. I was much surprised the morning after our arrival, when the cattle were let out of the yard, to see a cow walk down and deliberately take to the water of her own accord, the whole drove following her, swimming with only their noses, horns, and tails, showing above water."

This river, the Kaministiquia, the party resolved to ascend to its falls, and if we may rely on the accuracy of the lithograph, were well repaid for the difficult ascent by the picturesqueness of the scene.

At St. Joseph, a boulder of beautiful conglomerate, agates, jasper, porphyry, trap, &c., all polished to a smooth surface was seen, and was the subject of the evening's lecture to the party on board the steamboat.

"This boulder may be considered as an epitome of all the rocks we have seen. A complete examination of it would occupy a geologist many months. This conglomerate is associated with the oldest stratified formations, and must have been formed in the same epoch with them. Its

component parts give us some insight into its age. It contains no fragment of fossiliferous rock; thus the pebbles of which it is composed must have been broken off, rolled by the waves, and thereby rounded and smoothed, and afterwards cemented together, before the appearance of animal life on the earth. On the other hand it contains trap; thus trap-dykes must have been thrown up at that early period. Its other elements are jasper, porphyry, agate, quartz, and even mica, all belonging to the ancient rocks which we have seen on Lake Superior. In one of the boulders the materials are slightly stratified, so that they had been arranged in layers before they were cemented together.

"This boulder does not show the marks of having been transported by the action of water. Its surface is smoothed and grooved in an uniform manner, without the slightest reference to the different hardness of its various materials. Had it been worn into its present shape by the action of water, the harder stones would be left prominent. I have no doubt, from the similarity of its appearance in this respect to the rocks of the present glaciers of Switzerland, that it has been firmly fixed in a heavy mass of ice, and moved steadily forward in one direction, and thereby ground down."

The second part is devoted entirely to the consideration of the geology, the flora and fauna of the Lake region. Lake Superior is, on many accounts, an interesting locality. A vast fissure in the centre of the continent contains the largest body of fresh water on the globe; and situated near the water-shed of that vast valley, that, extending from the Polar to the Intertropical sea, embraces all the climates of the earth, it is singularly calculated to excite curiosity, even if its mineral treasures did not stimulate research by the hope of gain."

It is curious to remark:—

"The plants, especially the trees and shrubs growing in this country and Japan, are as it were old-fashioned; they bear the marks of former ages; a peculiarity which agrees with the general aspect of North America, the geological structure of which indicates that this region was a large continent long before extensive tracts of land had been lifted above the level of the sea in any other part of the world."

From an abundant catalogue of the plants of the region, (excluding the aquatic plants, those peculiarly American and cosmopolites, it is found that this flora is exceedingly analogous to that of the subalpine tracts of the Jura.

The fishes in Lake Superior are commented on by Agassiz himself, and one genus is remarkable as having been the means of leading the naturalist to the idea of embryonic investigations in the classifications of animal forms. This is the genus of Gar-pikes; and though peculiar to North America at present, is one of the old-fashioned fishes.

"The Lepidosteus, however isolated in the present creation, had once many and very diversified representatives all over the globe. Fossils of the same family of which the gar-pike is the type, have been found all over Europe in the oldest fossiliferous beds; in the strata of the age of the coal; in the new red sandstone; in the oolitic deposits; and even in the chalk and tertiary beds. They existed in the same wide range upon the continent of North America, and have been found in Asia as well as in New Holland; so that this family, now limited to the continent of North America, and, if we include in it the Biehr also, to two river basins of Africa—was once cosmopolite in its geographical distributions."

In the narrative the scale of the gar-pike are described as square and composed of a layer of bone and a second of enamel like that of teeth. The gars belong to the order of Ganoids.

Another remarkable fish, as being intermediate between the groups of the Ctenoids and Cycloids,

and a connecting type between the Perches and Trouts, is described under the name of Percopsis. The idea of an old form is immediately suggested by this blending of types; of it Professor A. says:—

"My percopsis is really such an old-fashioned fish, as it shows peculiarities which occur simultaneously in the fossil fishes of the chalk epoch, which, however, soon diverge into distinct families in the tertiary period, never to be combined again. This ancient character of some of the American fishes agrees most remarkably with the peculiarity of the vegetation of this continent, which, as I have shown on former occasions, resembles also the fossil plants of former ages."

The latter portion of the work is devoted to the geology of the region, and from the scratches observed on the rocks for fifteen hundred miles, almost uniformly north and south and parallel, the view is adopted by Prof. Agassiz that the whole continent as far south as the 38 deg. of latitude, and to such a depth as that only the highest peaks emerged, was covered by a vast sheet of thick-ribbed ice, that travelled towards the south like a huge flat icicle, and on its lower surface carried a mass of rock, boulders, and gravel, that scored, grooved, and polished the exposed rock in their slow progress, along with the mighty and continuous glacier.

ANNIVERSARY FESTIVALS.

Coats, Paletôts, and Hats a-wanting.—A scene of great confusion ensued on the breaking up of the numerous company which met at Lincoln's Inn Hall, on Wednesday, in aid of the excellent adjacent charity, King's College Hospital. The upper vestments and hats got mingled together, and every body had to fit himself in the best manner he could. We remember a similar accident at one of the British Association meetings at Manchester, and also at a Scottish fête in London, on St. Andrew's day: *Gentlemen would find it very useful on all such occasions to have a card with their address in the pocket of their outer covering.* This would avoid much inconvenience, and thereby hangs a tale. A Norfolk farmer, not accustomed to literary composition or letter writing, having lost a new hat at a county meeting, and inquired into its possible mis-taking, addressed the following grammatical note to its supposed possessor:—"Mr. A. presents compliments to Mr. B. I have got a hat which is not his. If he have got a hat which is not yours, no doubt they are the missing one." With this little episode, we may introduce the grand festival presided over by Major Edwardes, on Wednesday, when he was surrounded by some six hundred noblemen and gentlemen enthusiastic, heart and purse, in promoting the noble objects of the charity for which the guests were called together; the speeches were much to the purpose, the dinner excellent, the arrangements, (with the exception of the hats, &c.) as good as could be expected, and the subscriptions must have nearly, if not quite, reached 3,000l. It was altogether a most gratifying and encouraging assembly.

The Artists' General Fund anniversary, on Saturday, was more fully attended than we have seen it of late years. Sir R. Peel filled the chair with great ability, and the presence of Lord Hardinge contributed much to the effect of the meeting. Many distinguished members of the Royal Academy were also there, and the festival was prolonged till near midnight, having produced a subscription to the gratifying amount of more than 700l., as announced by Mr. Cockerell, the treasurer.

The Charter-House Infirmary Dinner on Monday went off, as we anticipated (*L.G. No. 1737*), with great éclat. The Lord Mayor presided most efficiently. The room of the Albion was completely filled; and a liberal subscription crowned

the festive entertainment and feeling addresses of the evening.

News-vender's Benevolent Institution.—At the 11th annual general meeting on Thursday, it was stated that not one application had been made in the course of the year. The stock had been raised to 1,200l., not less than 200l. resulting from the dinner presided over by Mr. C. Dickens, in November last. Altogether the report and prospects were most encouraging.

MUSIC.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—The grand concert came off on Monday. The programme contained many pieces not commonly performed, the interest attached to which enabled the audience to tolerate the extraordinary length of the entertainment. It was opened with the magnificent "eroica" symphony of Beethoven, which on the whole was well executed; the first two movements were very successful. Four concerted pieces with choruses, were a selection from the mass in C (Beethoven), the septett and chorus from *Faust* "ah Godau lor felicitä," (Sphor); scena from the *Armida* of Gluck, and the finale to the first act of *La Vestale* (Spontini). The overtures to *Euryanthe* (Weber), and *Faniska* (Cherubini), made the orchestral display complete. The trios for three voices of a kind were not so happily chosen as they might have been, perhaps that for the basses best exhibited the specialité of the singers. Madame Sontag gave us the Swiss airs composed for her by Herr Eckert, and first sung at the *Conservatoire* of Paris, the "Home, sweet home," a scena from *Oberon*, and Hadyn's beautiful aria "on mighty pens"—these performances were all excellent in their way; the Swiss airs are just like all other Swiss airs, i.e., as they are supposed to be; they are sung without instrumental accompaniment, but the chorus sing a sort of "tra la la" sotto voce; this, and the "Home, sweet home," we presume are done to charm and tickle the millions' ears; to ours such things are only sweet and pretty "usque ad nauseam." The "ocean, thou mighty monster," sung in German, and the "mighty pens," are worthy of Sontag's high powers, and atoned for the antecedent trivialities. All the vocal troupe of the theatre contributed to the morning's delights, and none more successfully than Miss Hayes and Mdlle. Ida Bertrand in a duet from *Mercadante's Vestale* "di conforto un raggio solo," and Mr. Sims Reeves in the fine example from Purcell's *King Arthur*, "come if you dare."

The Beethoven Society held their third meeting on Wednesday. The executants were the same as before, with Mr. S. Heller at the pianoforte. The quartett No. 5 in A major op. 18, was, we think, the most finished and perfect performance; the andante was rendered with surprising delicacy: though composed so early as 1792, it exhibits the finest feeling, and is more carefully put together than some of the later quartetts, the posthumous No. 15, in C sharp minor, for example, which was played also. In this there are parts which show much eccentricity of genius, and which, we cannot help thinking, would have been pruned had they received the fullest consideration of their great author. The unity of the No. 5 is a great charm; the trio in B flat Major, is one requiring the skill of most accomplished players to render it enjoyable; it is so full of niceties of *rapport*, that it requires playing together very often to secure their being given with accuracy. The andante was, however, beautifully played; it is truly grand in feeling, and wonderfully so, when we consider it is limited in its means to three instruments.

Miss Dolby and Mr. Sloper's Concert was given on Tuesday morning at the Hanover-square room. The companionism of these two best of our native school is a very happy one, and affords always a very successful and gratifying entertainment. Miss Dolby has for a long time stood at the head of our English singers, whether it be in interpreting the

sacred beauties of Handel or Mendelssohn, in executing the bravuras of Rossini, or singing the charming *Cantilene* of Bellini, and many of our own delightful ballads; in all she is excellent, tasteful, and correct. On this occasion she favoured us with the difficult bravura from *Semiramide*, "va superbo"—the aria of Mercadante's "a te nede"—a romance in French, from the *Huguenots*, "parmi les fleurs," and an Irish and Scotch ballad. Miss Hayes and Miss Birch, Mr. Symthson, Mr. Benson, Signor Marchesi, and Signor Marras, lent their aid as vocalists, and Piatta and Mr. Cooper as solo instrumentalists. Mr. Sloper exhibited his skill in Mendelssohn's D minor concerto, (Pianos forte and Orchestra), and in some of his own compositions.

THE DRAMA.

Théâtre Français, St. James's.—Since our last notice of the performances here, the chief novelty has been the production of M. Emile Augier's comedy of *Gabrielle*, one of the latest successes at the *Théâtre Français*, where it was brought out in November last, and ran for fifty consecutive nights. This drama is worthy of the reputation of its author, and of the popularity it enjoyed in Paris. It is indeed one of the very best of modern legitimate French dramas, and while it is constructed on the strictest classical models, is imbued with the spirit of actual life and modern French poetry. The story is that of a wife whose husband is too careless of little attentions, being led by a foolish infatuation for his secretary to the very verge of crime, at which point, however, she is arrested by her husband's discovery of her secret, and his subsequent generous treatment, both of her herself and lover, by which she is restored to a sense of duty and affection. The natural succession of events by which this is brought about, and the strong interest which is excited, and the forcible and poetic language in which the piece is written, combine to render *Gabrielle* a most effective drama, and afford scope, on the part of M. Regnier, for some of the best acting we ever witnessed. As a representation of feeling controlled by the habits of modern life it is unequalled; not a look, tone, or action, was out of place. The manner was extremely forcible where the position of the character represented required it, yet never melo-dramatic or exaggerated; it was truth of nature and character from beginning to end. Mlle. Nathalie was an effective representative of the wife, which is not, however, rendered by the author so prominent a character as is that of the husband. The whole performance did great credit both to author and actors, and, we must add, to the management which has given us an opportunity of seeing it in London.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

COME, NAME A GOOD FELLOW!

Come, name a good fellow!
And drink to his health;
No matter his station—
No matter his wealth!
If the heart be but noble,
'Tis little enough;
'Tis the heart makes the Man
Though his fortune be rough!
Then name a good fellow,
And to him we'll drink;
And our lip with a blessing,
Shall hallow the brim!

Come, name a good fellow,
The vintage we quaff
Seems merry, and mellow,
And ready to laugh!
And what to enjoyment
Fresh pleasure can lend?
'Tis to toast the kind heart
That to all is a friend!
Then name a good fellow,
And to him we'll drink;
And our lip with a blessing
Shall hallow the brim!

CHARLES SWAIN.

SONG OF THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

Come hither, ye of all ages,
Let us laugh grim Care away!
Laugh, frosty-pated Sages,
And ye who are in life's May!
For Youth is the laughing season,
Yet when Age peers in at the door,
The nearer he steps the more reason
To dimple his wrinkles o'er!

Laugh with me, languishing lovers!
Fie! hath not the hood-wink'd boy
A butterfly wing, that hovers
In the sunniest noon of joy?
Think ye, by woe-begone faces,
Or by clouds of sighs, to thrive?
Woe rather, with smiles, the good graces
Of the playfist Puck alive!

Laugh, ye who are Fortune's minions,
And ye who are out of her books!
To catch her light fluttering pinions
Light hearts are the surest hooks!
What tho' Love's rival in blindness
Hath flirled, and proved untrue?
Would you not the jilt back to kindness?
Laugh at her when she laughs at you!

Let us, then, to the end of existence,
Keep mirth-killing Care at bay!
Drive the old churl to a distance,
If we can't drive him quite away;
Laugh at the Sisters' fickle
Who mingle our sweets with sour,
And wreath the even Time's rose sickle
And the scythe of Death with flowers!

ELEANOR DABBY.

VARIETIES.

Saint Paul's Churchyard.—The alterations projected in this quarter are at yet finally determined upon or altogether rejected by the Dean and Chapter, who seem disposed, at any rate, to allow foot-passengers the use of the churchyard as a road.

The End of Reform.—M. Soyer has signified his intention to retire from the Reform Club.

The American Arctic Expedition, fitted out by Mr. Grinnell, of New York, was expected to sail very early in the present month.

Groom's Tulip Show on the first day (Thursday) at Clapham Rise, displayed some fine and magnificent specimens of this beautiful flower. Among 2,000 roots, the varieties named Victoria Regina, Prince of Wales, Duke of Norfolk, Duchess of Sutherland, Catalani, and others, were conspicuous for their rich colours, perfect forms, and delicate pencilling of every hue. But the promise was even greater than the present appearance, for the ungenial weather had so retarded the expansion of the cups that many were not yet in their prime, and every day is now adding to the splendours of the sight.

Meteoritic Astronomy.—The department of meteoric astronomy (for the time seems to be arrived, or fast arriving, when we shall be able to use such a term with as little misgiving as we now speak of comets) has been of late assiduously cultivated by M. Petit, Director of the Observatory of Toulouse, who has communicated to the Academy of Sciences of that city a memoir, which has appeared in their *Transactions*, on the determination of the orbits of meteors, not only relatively with respect to the earth, but absolutely with reference to the sun. This memoir contains formulæ applicable to all cases where observations thoroughly to be depended on are procured. The meteor of the 19th August, 1847, fortunately afforded such observations; and in a letter recently addressed by him to M. Schumacher, and published in the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, No. 701, he states the following extraordinary and highly interesting result of his calculations:—The meteor, when first seen, was at a distance from the earth's surface = 217,900 metres, and when lost sight of, 68,900. Its relative velocity with respect to the earth was 41,700 metres per second, and its absolute velocity in its orbit about the sun, 70,094. At the moment of its first apparition it was in the act of describing a hyperbolic orbit about the sun,

having for perihelion distance 0.9783952, and a semiaxis of — 0.2385498, with an eccentricity, node, and inclination ascertained by M. Petit, but of no immediate interest. But since at that instant it had already undergone some effect of perturbation, both by the earth and moon, M. Petit has computed and allowed for that effect, and concludes that previous to entering the sphere of the earth's appreciable action its orbit was hyperbolic, with an eccentricity 3.95134, perihelion distance 0.95626, and semiaxis — 0.32401. This meteor, therefore, must have come from the regions of space exterior to our system, and the epoch at which it must have quitted a sphere having a radius of one parallaxic unit (or the distance of a star whose annual parallax = 1 sec.) must have been no less than 373397.7 years antecedent to that of its arrival at its perihelion in 1847. This interesting body would appear, from M. Petit's calculations, to have fallen into the North Sea near the Belgian coast.—*Rept. of Council, Astron. Soc.*

Sketch of Society.—"An American tavern-dinner, during the sitting of the circuit, is every way worthy of a minute and graphic description; but our limits will hardly admit of our assuming the task. If 'misery makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows,' so does the law. Judges, advocates, witnesses, sheriffs, clerks, constables, and not unfrequently the accused, dine in common, with rail-road speed. The rattling of knives, forks, and spoons, the clatter of plates, the rushing of waiters, landlord, landlady, chambermaids, ostler and bar-keeper included, produce a confusion that would do honour to the most profound 'republican simplicity.' Everything approaches a state of nature but the eatables; and they are invariably overdone. On an evil day, some Yankee invented an article termed a 'cooking stove;' and since its appearance everything like good cookery has vanished from the common American table. There is plenty spoiled; abundance abused. Of made dishes, with the exception of two or three of very simple characters, there never were any; and these have been burned to cinders by the baking processes of the 'cook-stoves.'

"It matters little, however, to the *covivores* of a circuit-court dinner, what the dishes are called, or of what they are composed. 'Haste' forbids 'taste;' and it actually occurred that day, as it occurs almost invariably on such occasions, that a very clever country practitioner was asked the *matériel* of the dish he had been eating, and he could not tell it! Talk of the mysteries of French cookery! The 'cook-stove' produces more mystery than all the art of all the culinary artists of Paris; and this, too, on a principle that tallies admirably with that of the purest 'republican simplicity;' since it causes all things to taste alike. . . . It is a bad sign when eating is carried on without conversation. To converse, however, at such a table, is morally if not physically impossible. Morally, because each man's mind is so intent on getting as much as he wants, that it is almost impossible to bring his thoughts to bear on any other subject; physically, on account of the clatter, a movement in which an eclipse of a plate by the body of a waiter is no unusual thing, and universal activity of the teeth. Conversation under such circumstances would be truly a sort of ventriloquism; the portion of the human frame included in the term being all in all just at that moment."—*From Cooper's "Ways of the Hour."*

The Arctic Expedition departed on the morning of the 4th with every possible provision for the most effectual prosecution of its object, and with favourable weather. Heaven grant the auspices may be crowned by a congenial result!

The Archaeological Institute has appointed the 18th of next month for its meeting at Oxford, to continue to the 25th inclusive.

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